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MORNING THANKS.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Now, that another glorious morn is breaking
The crimson East, with glowing waves of light,
To Thee, great God, our souls with love awaking,
Sing gladsome thanks for safety thro' the night.

While twice ten thousand pulses have been stilled
That throbbed but yester morn with bounding life,
We thank Thee, humbly, that Thou hast not willed
To end also for us all earthly strife.

We thank Thee, gracious giver of all good,
For all Thy blessings—life, health, friends and home,
For giving us each morn our daily food;
Pray keep us 'neath Thy wing, nor let us roam.

TRIED AS BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THEY looked into each other's eyes while one could count fifty, then, with an embarrassment quite novel, he spoke.

"I've disturbed you?"

"No," said Margaret, and the word sounded blunt and cold in his ears. "No, I didn't hear you."

Who could he be, she thought, and how did he come here? Yesterday fighting in the village green, this evening at Leyton Court. Then it flashed upon her: it was Lord Leyton!

"I came in quietly so as not to disturb you," he said, regaining some of his usual composure, but not all of it, for her loveliness dazzled, and her identity with the girl who had so sternly rebuked him yesterday, bewildered him.

"You—you are an artist?" he said.

"I have that honor," she replied.

He looked at the copy.

"And a very good one! Your picture is better than the old one."

"You are not an artist, evidently," she said, with a smile.

"No," he admitted; then a light shone in his eyes. "Oh, no; I am a savage?"

A burning blush covered her face, and she took up her brush.

Mr. Stibbings appeared between the velvet curtains.

"Dinner is served, my lord."

Lord Blair Leyton nodded impatiently without turning.

"Are you staying here?" he asked.

"Yes," said Margaret, going on with her painting.

He stood looking at her, at the beautiful, intelligent, "artist" face, at the dove-colored dress, at the pink-white hand with its supple, capable fingers.

"Are you not going to dinner, my lord?" she said, unable to bear his silent presence any longer.

"I beg your pardon?" he said, with a little start. "I was waiting for you."

"For me?" she said, turning her face to him in wide-eyed surprise.

"Yes," he said, "we will go together. You are going, are you not?"

"I?" she said, then she laughed; "I am Mrs. Hale's—the housekeeper's—granddaughter, Lord Leyton."

He reddened and bit his moustache.

"And you are not coming?" he said. "I am very sorry. I——"

"Dinner is served, my lord," said a footman in a low voice from the doorway.

Lord Blair uttered an impatient exclamation, which, as it was something remarkably like an oath, was fortunately unintelligible.

"Have you forgiven me yet?" he asked.

"Forgiven?" said Margaret, as if she were trying to discover to what he referred. "Forgiven?"

"Yes! That affair of yesterday—the setto, you know," he explained.

"Oh!"—the monosyllable dropped like a stone from her lips—"I had forgotten."

"That's right," he said quickly; "if you have forgotten you have forgiven. I assure you——"

"Dinner is served, my lord," said a solemn voice.

He turned sharply.

"Confound it all——"

"Whether I have forgiven you is not of the least consequence, my lord," said Margaret, "but the earl will certainly not forgive you if you keep dinner waiting any longer;" and she bent over her canvas with an air of absorption which shut him out of her cognizance completely.

He stood for a minute, then, with an inaudible "Confound the dinner!" strode off.

Margaret did not raise her head from her work as Lord Blair Leyton moved reluctantly and impatiently down the gallery, but when the echo of his footsteps had died away she looked up with a slightly startled and altogether strange expression.

To her astonishment and disgust, the hand which held her brush was trembling. It was impossible to work any longer. Guido's head danced before her sight, and the other head—the handsome one of Blair Leyton—came between her and the painted one.

How very far from guessing she had been that this, the young man she had called a savage, was the earl's nephew, Lord Blair Leyton!

What must he think of her? And yet he had taken her for a guest of the house, had asked her if she were not going in to dinner with him!

She sat, paint brush in hand, and stared musingly at the curtained doorway through which he had gone, and thought of him.

It is a dangerous thing for a young impressionable girl to think of a young man. But how could she help it? Her grandmother's words were ringing in her ears: according to Mrs. Hale, nothing was too bad to be said of poor Blair Leyton. He was the wickedest of the wicked, bad beyond all description. And yet—and yet! How bravely he had fought a stronger and bigger man than himself on behalf of a helpless dog!

Surely a man could not be utterly bad and lost who could risk his skin for a dumb animal! Had she not been a little too hard upon him?

She pondered over this question for half an hour, looking dreamily in the direction he had gone, then, without having arrived at any answer to it, she jumped up and, putting her painting materials together, left the gallery.

"Grandma," she said, as she entered the room in which the old lady was seated, placidly knitting, for the dinner was in full swing, and Mrs. Hale's anxiety was over, "grandma, I have seen Lord Leyton."

The old lady almost jumped.

"Seen Lord Leyton, Madge?"

Margaret nodded.

"Yes; he came into the gallery——"

The old lady broke in with a groan.

"Margaret, no good will come of your going to the picture gallery! Mark my words! It isn't—isn't proper and right like! And you've seen him! Did he speak to you?"

"Very much," said Margaret, smiling, but pensively. "He asked me if I weren't going in to dinner with him!"

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs Hale, lifting her hands. "Took you for a lady! Dear, now!"

"Yes; isn't it strange?" said Margaret, with quiet irony.

"Well—I don't know that," said the old lady, eyeing the graceful figure and lovely, refined face. "But Margaret——"

"Well, grandma?" said Margaret, as the old lady hesitated.

"Well, I was going to say that—that—you must be careful!"

"Careful? What of?" said Margaret, smiling. "Does Lord Blair bite, as well as the earl? What am I to be careful of, grandma?"

"My dear, it isn't proper that you and Lord Blair should be on speaking terms," she said at last. "He's the earl's nephew, and—and you are only my granddaughter, you know."

"Which I am quite content to be," said Margaret, busily engaged with her paint box. "But I don't see that I have done anything very wicked, grandma. I could not very well refuse to answer him when he spoke."

"No, no, certainly not," said the old lady; "but if he speaks again—but there, it isn't likely you'll see him again. He is only going to stop the night, and you're not likely to meet him again, that's one comfort."

"It is indeed," said Margaret, with a laugh. "Especially as he is the gentleman whom I saw fighting in the village, last evening, and whom I called a savage."

"You—you called him a savage!" gasped Mrs. Hale. "My dear Margaret, is it possible?"

"It is only too possible and certain," said Margaret lightly, "and his lordship remembered it too. However, he asked me to forgive him, so I suppose he has forgiven me; and if he has not I don't care. He was like a savage, and I only spoke the truth."

Then there was a pause, during which the old lady stared in a rapt kind of fashion, and Margaret continued:

"Grandma, what a pity it is that such a wicked man should be so good-looking."

"Yes, he is handsome enough," sighed the old lady, shaking her head.

"Oh, handsome, yes! I didn't mean that exactly. I meant really good looking. He looks so frank and—yes!—gentle, and his eyes seem to shine with kindness and—and—boyishness. Nobody would believe that he was a bad young man."

"They'd soon learn the truth when they knew him," said the old lady, rather shrewdly.

"I daresay. What a good thing it would be if all the good men were handsome, and all the bad ugly. You could tell at a glance then how the case lay. As it is, the man who looks like a villain may be as good as a saint, while the other who looks like a hero and an angel, is probably as bad as—as——"

"Lord Blair," broke in the old lady.

"Exactly—as Lord Blair," laughed Margaret. "And now I am going out to hear the nightingales, grandma. We haven't any nightingales in London—not of your sort, I mean. Ours haven't nice voices at all, and they mostly sing 'We won't go home till morning,' or 'He's a jolly good fellow,' and their voices sound rather unsteady as they go along the pavement. Those are the London kind of nightingales! Oh, what a lovely night——"

"Put a shawl on; Madge!" called the old lady. "Come back now: I can't have you catching cold the very first night!"

"Shawl?" I haven't such a thing!" laughed Margaret. "This will do, won't it?" and catching up an antimacassar, she threw it round her shoulders and ran out.

* * * * *

Dinner at Leyton Court was a stately function. Very often the earl, as Mrs. Hale had said, would make his meal of a morsel of fish or a tiny slice of mutton, but all the same an elaborate *menu* was prepared, and the courses were served with due state and ceremony by the butler and two footmen.

This night, in honor of Lord Blair, the dinner was more elaborate than usual; Mr. Stibbings had selected his choicest claret, and a bottle of '78 Pommery, and had himself superintended its icing. Already, although he had only been in the house a few hours, the young man had won the hearts of the servants!

But notwithstanding the choice character of the wines and the elaborate dinner, Lord Blair seemed rather absent-minded and preoccupied. The earl was silent, almost grimly so, but the young man seemed not grim by any means, but dreamy. The fact was that the face of the young girl who had called him a savage yesterday, and whom he had seen again in the gallery this evening, was haunting him.

Lord Blair was not unaccustomed to pretty faces. He had been brought up in an atmosphere breathed by distinguished men and beautiful women; but there was something in Margaret's face that had impressed him strongly and strangely. He could not efface it, even for one moment, from his memory.

The bright light of the eloquent eyes sparkled in the champagne, the sweet, mobile lips seemed to smile at the bottom of his soup-plate; the claret was but a reflection of the deep blush with which she had, at one moment, glanced gravely up at him.

And—he wondered when and how he could see her again!

Of course he knew, as well as did Mrs. Hale, that there should be no acquaintanceship between Viscount Leyton and the granddaughter of his uncle's housekeeper, but he did not think of that, and, if he had, the reflection would not have stilled the desire to find her out and get a few more words from those sweet lips, one more smile or glance from those lovely eyes.

So that, what with Lord Blair being Margaret-haunted, and the earl being possessed by the fact of his nephew's wickedness, the grand dinner was anything but hilarious.

They talked now and again, but long before the dessert appeared they had dropped into a mutual silence. Then Mr. Stibbings carried in, daintily and carefully, a bottle of the famous Leyton port, and, with the air of one bestowing a last benediction, glided out and left the two gentlemen alone.

"Do you drink port, Blair?" said the earl, with his hand on the decanter.

"Yes, sir; I drink anything," replied the young man, awaking with a little start.

"You have a good digestion—good constitution?" said the earl.

"Oh, yes," assented Lord Blair cheerfully; "I suppose so. Never had a day's illness in my life that I can remember, and can eat anything."

The earl looked at him musingly.

"And yet"—he paused, "your habits are not regular; you keep late hours?"

Lord Blair laughed.

"I'm seldom in bed before ten," he said. "Yes," he added, "I'm afraid I don't keep very good hours; it's generally daylight before I am in my little cot. What capital port, sir?"

"Yes? I do not drink it," said the earl.

There was silence for a moment, during which the elder man looked at the handsome face and graceful, stalwart figure of the younger one. Lord Blair was one of those men who look at their best in evening dress, and the earl could not help admiring him. Then he sighed.

"Have you thought over the words that passed between us this afternoon, Blair?" he asked.

"Well—I'm afraid I haven't," he admitted frankly.

The earl frowned.

"And yet they were important ones—especially those which referred to your future, Blair. We have not seen much of each other—perhaps wisely——"

"I daresay," said Lord Blair cheerfully. "People who can't agree are better apart, sir."

"But," continued the earl grimly, and not relishing the interruption, "but I wish you to believe that I have your best interests at heart."

"Thank you, sir. I will take another glass of port."

"And in no surer way can these interests be promoted than by your marriage with Violet Graham."

Lord Blair frowned slightly, then he smiled.

"'Pon my word, sir, I'm sorry to refuse you anything, especially after all your liberality; but it isn't to be done."

"Why not?" demanded the earl coldly.

Lord Blair hesitated, then he laughed grimly.

"Well, I suppose we can't hit it off; we don't care for each other."

The earl frowned.

"I have every reason to believe that Violet would be willing——"

"Oh, it's all a mistake, sir!" broke in Lord Blair quickly. "Nothing of the kind! Violet doesn't care a straw for me! And as to breaking her heart, as you said this afternoon, why"—he laughed—"she's the last girl in the world for that sort of thing! No, we thought we could manage it, but we found pretty soon that it wouldn't work, and so—and so—well, we just broke it off!"

"I can understand," said the earl grimly. "You wearied her with your dissipation, and stung her by your neglect."

Lord Blair flushed.

"Put it so, if you like, sir," he said, thinking what a good thing it was that they did not see much of each other.

"And so lost the chance of restoring your ruined fortunes," said the earl. "Violet's fortune is a large one. I am one of the trustees and can speak with authority. It is large enough to repair all the mischief your wild, spendthrift course has produced. And you have lost not only the means of your salvation, but one of the best girls in England. Great Heaven," he said quietly, "how can a man be so great a fool, and so blind!"

At another time the young man might have retorted, but he had had a good dinner and two glasses of the wonderful port, and so he only laughed.

"I suppose I am a fool, sir," he said good-temperedly. "Perhaps its part of my constitution. But don't let us quarrel. It is not worth while."

"You are right. It isn't worth while," said the earl, sinking back in his chair. "After all, I ought to be thankful that Violet has escaped; but blood is thicker than water—and I have thought of you more than of her. But let it pass. You are bent on following the road you have set out upon, and not even she nor I can stay you. As to Ketton, you refuse to accept my offer——"

"Yes, sir," said Lord Blair, gently but firmly. "I shall mortgage Ketton. I cannot take any more money from you. If we were—well, better friends, it would be different, but—— It's a pity you can't touch this port, sir! It's the best wine I ever tasted!"

The earl sat in silence for a few minutes, then he rose.

"Coffee will be served in the drawing-room," he said. "You will excuse me?"

"Oh, certainly," said Lord Blair, jumping up. "I don't care about the coffee, I will go smoke a cigar on the terrace. Perhaps I sha'n't see you again, sir, I start early in the morning. If I should not, I'll say good-bye," and he held out his hand.

The earl touched it with his thin white fingers.

"Good-bye," he said, and with a sigh he passed down the corridor to his own apartments.

Lord Blair took out his cigar case and stepped through the open window on to the terrace.

"Yes, I'm on the road to ruin, as mine uncle says," he mused, "and going along at a rattling good pace, too! Sha'n't be long before I reach the terminus, I expect. Hartwell gone, Parkfield gone, and now Ketton. I'm sorry about Ketton! But I'd rather pawn everything that's left than take any more money from him! Heigho! I wonder whether any of the fellows who are so thick now will cut me when I can't come up on settling day, and my name is on the black list! And I could put it all right by marrying Violet. But I can't do that. I suppose I am a fool, as the old gentleman politely remarked. It's wonderful I am the only man he is ever rude to. They say he is the pink of courtesy and politeness to the rest of the world. 'Courtly Ferrers' they used to call him. Ah, well, what does it matter? All the same in a hundred years. I've had my fling, or nearly had it, and after me——"

Before he could conclude with "the deluge," a girl's voice rose softly and sweetly in the distance and seemed to float in and harmonize with the rather melancholy strain of his musings; and yet the voice was blithe and joyous enough too.

Lord Blair leaned over the stone rail of the balustrade and listened.

The haze of a summer evening hung over the scene; a single star had slid into the blue heavens, seeming to reflect in its bright depths the glow of the crimson sunset. A bird, roused by the sweet young voice chirped in a neighboring tree. All nature seemed listening with pleased intentness to the song that floated up to him.

A spell fell upon the wild young man, and for a few minutes a strange feeling—was it of remorse for his wasted life?—possessed him. Then there rose a desire to see the singer, and as such desires were far stronger in Lord Blair's breast than remorse he moved quickly along the terrace in the direction of the voice.

It did not occur to him that it might be Margaret Hale, and he experienced a sudden thrill of gratification as he saw the dove-colored dress shining, a soft patch of light against the shubbery of the small garden.

At the same moment Margaret saw his shadow cast upon the smooth lawn, and the song died on her lips.

He stopped short and stood on the top of the steps leading to the little garden looking down at her.

"May I come?" he said quietly.

Margaret inclined her head gravely and rose. It was quite unnecessary to tell the Viscount Leyton that he was at liberty to step into a part of the garden that would belong to him some day.

"I'm awful unlucky, Miss Hale," he said, flinging his cigar away and coming up to the seat where she had been sitting. "This is the second time to-day I have disturbed you; and yesterday—oh, yesterday won't bear thinking of! You were singing, weren't you?"

"Yes, my lord," said Margaret gravely, for her grandmother's words had suddenly occurred to her and she moved away.

"Are you going?" he said. "Now, I have driven you away! Please, don't go. I'll take myself off at once."

"I was going, my lord," said Margaret.

"Oh, come," he retorted pleadingly; "it's almost as wicked to tell stories as it is to fight; and you know you were sitting here comfortably enough until I intruded upon you!"

His voice, his manner was irresistable and produced a smile on Margaret's face.

"It is getting late," she said, "and Mrs. Hale may want me."

"I don't think she will. It isn't late—" he looked at his watch—"I can't see. Your eyes are better than mine I'll be bound. I've spoilt them sitting up studying at night. Will you look? But upon this condition," he added, covering the face of the watch with his hand, "that if it isn't ten o'clock, you will stay a little while longer; of course I'll go—if you want me to!"

His eagerness was so palpable, almost so boyish, but Margaret could not repress a soft laugh. Rather gingerly she came back a step, and he held out his watch.

"It is half past nine," she said.

"There you are you see; it isn't late at all! Now you stop out to ten, and I'll take myself off—" and with a nod he walked towards the steps, with Margaret's antimacassar shawl in his hand.

"My lord," she said, in a tone of annoyance, for it seemed as if he had done it on purpose.

"Yes," he responded turning back very promptly.

"Will you give me my anti—my shawl, please."

"Eh? Oh, of course, I beg your pardon!" he said. "I took it up intending to ask you to put it on—nights are chilly sometimes. Here you are. Let me put it on for you."

"No, no, thank you," said Margaret, taking it from him.

"Well, it is warm," he said looking up at the sky, and then quickly returning his gaze to her face. "It's a pity you can't paint this; but you artists get rather handicapped on these night scenes, don't you? Want a big moon and a waterfall, and all that kind of thing."

Margaret smiled. Certainly in matters pertaining to art he was a perfect savage.

"To-night could be painted my lord," she said, just stopping to say it, then moving away again.

"You think so?" he said, displaying, with boyish ingenuousness, his desire to engage her in conversation. "Well, I don't know much about it; rather out of my line, you know. But I like seeing pictures, and I think you must be awfully clever to paint ——"

"Thanks, my lord!" said Margaret, with admirable gravity. "But your avowed ignorance rather detracts from the value of your expressed approval, does it not?"

He looked at her.

"That's rather hot and peppery, isn't it?" he said ruefully. "Look here, you know, if I'm not up in painting, I know a little of other things. There are three things you might put me through a regular exam. in, and I shouldn't come out badly.

"For instance, my lord?" said Margaret dangerously interested and slowly stopping.

"For instance. Well, I know a horse when I see it."

"Very few people take it for a cow," retorted Margaret.

He laughed.

"Oh, you know what I mean. Many flats take a screw for a horse, though. Well, I know what a horse is worth pretty well, and I know a good dog when I see him, and I can tell you the proper kind of a fly for most of the rivers in England and Scotland; and I know the quickest and surest way of stalking a stag; and—I can play a decent hand at *ecarte*—that is, if it is not too late in the evening; and—and——" he paused and looked rather at a loss.

"Is that all, my lord?"

"That's—that's all. It seemed rather a long lot, too, while I was running it over," he responded.

Margaret raised her eyes to his handsome face, with its frank and innocent—yes, innocent-looking eyes, bent on hers—and smiled.

"And what use is your knowledge to you, my lord, unless you intend turning horse-dealer or gamekeeper?—but perhaps you do."

He laughed.

"By George, you're hard on me! Won't you sit down?"

Insensibly, Margaret sank into the seat, and he dropped carelessly on to the arm, as he added:

"Well, I might do worse!"

"Much worse!" assented Margaret severely.

He looked at her rather curiously.

"How strangely you said that," he remarked. "Meant for me from the shoulder, I expect; now, wasn't it?"

Margaret was silent. She had meant it as a rebuke, but she would not have admitted it for the world.

He regarded her silently for a second, then he said:

"Miss Hale, they have been telling you something about me. They have, haven't they?"

A faint flush rose to her face.

"Would that matter in the slightest, my lord?"

"By George, yes!" he said. "Look here! There is an old proverb that says, 'Don't believe more than half you see, and less than half you hear.' I should like to know what they have been telling you about me!"

"What should 'they' say, my lord?" said Margaret. "Except that you are a very high-principled and serious minded gentleman, doing all the good you could find to do, and setting a high example to your friends and companions?"

He leaned forward so that he might see her face, then broke into a musical and contagious laugh.

"It's too bad!" he said. "Miss Hale, I give you my word that the dev—that nobody is quite as bad as he is painted——"

"It is to be hoped not, or, judging from the portraits one sees at the Academy, there must be a great many ugly people in the world," she said quietly.

Lord Blair stared at her with unconcealed delight.

Pretty women he had met by the hundred, but a girl who was lovely as a flower, and witty as well, was a rarity that set his heart throbbing.

"All right!" he said. "I see you have made up your mind about me, and that you won't let me say a word in my own defence. But every poor beggar of a convict is allowed to say something before they pass sentence, don't you know, and you'll let me say my word before you send me away, painted black right through. Miss Hale, I'm in one of my unlucky months! Everything I've touched this June has gone wrong! My horse—but I don't want to trouble you about that—and to put the finishing touch to the catalogue, I had the bad luck to have you looking on while I was having a set-to with a country yokel. Of course, you think the worst of me, and yet——"

He stopped, then went on, with a sort of groan.

"Well, I'm bad enough, I daresay," he said; "but I haven't had much chance; I haven't indeed. They don't make many saints out of the kind of life that has fallen to me. What can you expect of a fellow who is thrown upon the world at nineteen without a friend to keep him straight or say a word of warning? And that was just the way of it with me; my father died when I was nineteen, and I was let loose with plenty of money, and not a soul to show me the right road."

"Your mother?" said Margaret, and the next instant regretted it, for across his handsome face came a spasm, as if she had touched a wound across his heart.

"My mother died two years before my father; and her death killed him. I wish that it had killed me. Don't let's speak of her."

"I am very sorry, my lord," murmured Margaret.

"All right," he said cheerfully. "If she had been living—but then! Well, I had no one. My uncle—the earl, here—would have nothing to say to me; I reminded him too much that he had lost his own boy, and that I must come into the property. As if I wouldn't rather have died instead of the lad! He was as nice a boy as you ever saw—poor little chap! Well, where was I? Oh, on the road to ruin, as my uncle said to me only this afternoon, and, by George, he was right!" and he laughed. "But there, —once you make the first false step, the rest's easy, it's all down hill, you see, and nobody to put the skid on!—nobody. But never mind any more about me; I can see you've passed sentence. Are you living here altogether, Miss Hale?"

"No," said Margaret with a little start, and very quietly. She was thinking of the wasted life, the friendless, guardless youth which his wild, incoherent statement revealed, and something like pity for him was creeping into her heart.

Pity! It is a dangerous sentiment for one like Margaret to harbor for one like Blair Leyton.

"No; I am here on a visit, my lord."

"How jolly!" he said. "I hope you are enjoying yourself. But, perhaps you always live in the country?"

"I am enjoying myself very much. No, I live in London, my lord."

"In London!" he said quickly. "But I say—" he broke off appealingly, "I wish you wouldn't 'my lord' me, you know."

Margaret laughed.

"My circle of acquaintances does not include any noblemen, Lord Leyton, and I am not quite sure of the way to address one of your rank," she said, faltering a little.

"How well she said that!" he thought. "Most girls would have giggled and blushed, but she took it as quietly as a duchess would have done!"

Then aloud he said—

"Well, it is usual to address us by our surname; I wish you would call me Leyton."

Margaret was silent for a moment while he scanned her face with suppressed eagerness.

"If it is quite usual," she said in her blissful ignorance. "It sounds rather abrupt."

"Why, of course!" he said. "Abrupt not a bit. And you live in London! Now, shall I guess what part? Let me see. You are an artist. Yes. Well Chelsea——"

"Wrong; but Kensington is not so far away," she said with a smile.

"Kensington," he said. "The Art School of course. How jolly! I've got rooms not very far from there. Perhaps we shall—" he hesitated and watched her rather fearfully—"we might meet you know."

"I should say that there was nothing more improbable, my—Lord Leyton. We don't know the same people, and never shall, and——" she stopped, her own words had recalled Mrs. Hale's warning. "I must go now," she said rising suddenly.

"Oh, it's not ten!" he pleaded. "You feel chilly? Let me put your shawl on. It has slipped down. Why, what a funny shawl it is!"

"It's an antimacassar," she said laughing.

"So it is!" he said. "And look here, it has got entangled in my watch-chain; but they are built to get entangled in things, aren't they?" he added, fumbling with all a man's awkwardness at the tangled threads.

"Oh, you'll never get it off like that," said Margaret impatiently, and innocently

enough her small supple fingers flew at it.

His own hand and hers touched, and with a feeling of surprise he felt the blood tingling at her touch. He looked at the lovely face so close to his own, so gravely, unconsciously beautiful, and a wild desire to lift the hand to his lips seized him, but with a mighty effort he forced it down.

"There it is!" he said. "And now, to reward me for—not getting it undone, will you let me give you this flower?" and he stooped and picked a red rose.

Margaret started slightly and looked at him; but the handsome face wore its frankest, "goodest" look, and with a laugh she held out her hand. He drew it back with an answering laugh.

"Before I give it to you will you tell me one thing, Miss Hale?"

"That depends," she said, "upon what the thing is."

"It's not much," he said. "Only this: Will you tell me that you don't think I am not quite the savage you accused me of being yesterday?"

She looked up at him with a faint color in her face.

"Yes, I will do that," she said. "But I think you should keep the rose, Lord Leyton."

"No," he said laughingly, but with an intent look in his eyes, fixed upon her. "No, I've got a fancy for leaving something behind me that you may remember me by. I'm going to-morrow morning, you know."

"I did not know," said Margaret.

"Yes"—with a sigh. "My welcome to the Court is soon outworn, and I'm back to London and the old road"—with a short laugh.

Margaret stood with averted face.

"Is—is it so inevitable, that same road? Is there no other, my lord?" she said.

"No. I'm afraid not, my lady," he said, smiling rather gravely.

"I think there must be, that there might be if you cared to take it," she said gravely.

"If you cared that I should take it—I mean"—he broke off quickly, for she had looked alarmed at his words and their tone—"I mean that it's very good of you to care what becomes of a useless fellow like me, and——"

"Margaret!" called Mrs. Hale from the open window.

"Good-night, my lord," she said quickly, and yet with simple dignity.

"Stop!" he said, in a low voice. "You have forgotten your rose"—and, following her a step or two, he touched her arm. "It is not a very grand one; there was a bowl of beauties in my room; some good soul had picked——"

He stopped, for the color rose to Margaret's face.

"You put them there!" he exclaimed, his eyes lighting up. "You!"

"I—I did not know——" she said faltering, and trying to speak proudly.

"Oh, don't destroy my pleasure by explaining that you did not mean them for me!" he pleaded. "You put them there at any rate! Will you let me, in return, fix this rose in your shawl? We shall be more than quits then on my side!"

Oh, Margaret, put back the proffered flower! Red stands in the language of magic for all that is evil, for a passion that will burn into ashes of pain; put back the hand that offers it to you!

But he was too quick. Gently, reverently he fixed the rose in the meshes of the antimacassar, and, as he put it straight with a caressing touch, he murmured:

"Good-night! Try and remember me, Miss—Margaret, at any rate as long as the rose lives!"

Red as the flower itself, trembling with a feeling that was painfully like the stab of conscience, Margaret glanced up at him, and without a word, sped from his side.

Lord Leyton stood looking after her, as strange an expression in his face as her own had worn.

Then with a long sigh he went back to the seat and threw himself down into it, in the place where she had sat.

Half an hour passed; the nightingale for which Margaret had been waiting came out and sang for him; but the song gave him no delight, for in his whirling brain its notes seemed to take the shape of words; words of such sad, strange import!

"Spare her!—spare her!" the bird seemed to sing; and as if he could not endure the appeal any longer, he rose impatiently and walked towards the terrace.

As he did so, a tall, skulking figure followed after him.

Lord Blair stopped at the bottom of the steps, and the shadow pursuing him also stopped, and raised a heavy stick.

For a moment it hovered evilly over Lord Blair's head, then, as if smitten by a sudden remorse or a desire for a still deeper revenge, Pyke let the stick fall, and, slinking back, disappeared amongst the shrubs.

CHAPTER VI.

MARGARET ran into the house, her heart beating fast, the color coming and going in her cheeks. To her amazement and annoyance, she felt that she was actually trembling! Well, if not trembling, quivering, as a leaf quivers when the summer wind passes over its bosom.

What was this that she had done? Notwithstanding her grandmother's warning and her good resolutions, she had spent—how long?—nearly an hour talking alone with Lord Blair Leyton. And he had given her a rose! Not only given it to her, but fastened it in the antimacassar.

She could feel his fingers touching her still, as it seemed to her! She looked down at the rose, gleaming like a spot of blood on the white cotton on the antimacassar, then, with a sudden gesture, she went to pull it out and fling it through the window; but she averted her hand even as it touched the velvet leaves.

Yes, she had done wrong; she ought not to have spoken to him, ought not to have remained with him, and most certainly ought not to have even taken the rose from him.

She saw now how wrong she had been. They use to call her "Wild Margaret," "Mad Madge," when she was a child, but she had been trying to become quiet and dignified, and discreet, and, as it seemed to her, had succeeded, until this wicked young man had tempted her into flirting—was it flirting?—in the starlight.

"You look flushed, my dear," said Mrs. Hale. "Are you tired?"

"I think I am a little," said Margaret, longing to get to the solitude of her own room.

"It's the country air," said the old lady, nodding. "It always makes people from London feel sleepy. Was it pleasant in the garden?" she added innocently.

Margaret's face flushed!

"Y—es, very," she replied; then she was going on to tell the old lady of her meeting with Lord Blair, but stopped short.

"I thing I will go up to bed now," she said, and giving the old lady a kiss she went upstairs to her own room.

There she thought over every word that the young lord said, and that she herself had spoken. There had been no harm in any of it surely!

He had spoken respectfully, almost reverentially, and even when he had given her the rose he had done it with as much diffidence and high-bred courtesy as if she had been a countess. Surely there had been no harm in it.

"All the same," she murmured to herself, as she brushed her long hair that fell like a silken stream over her white shoulders, "I will give it him back to-morrow, if I see him, and I will dismiss my lord viscount from my thoughts;" and with this wise resolution she went to bed—and dreamed of him all the night through!

It was a lovely morning when she woke, and dressing herself she went straight to the picture gallery.

As she left the room Lord Blair's red rose seemed to smile at her from the dressing-table, and she took it up and carried it in her hand.

It was just possible that she might meet him; if so, it would be as well to have the rose with her, for give it back she meant to, if a chance afforded.

The light in the gallery could not have been better, and she set to work at first languidly, but presently with more spirit, and was becoming more absorbed, when she heard a voice singing the refrain of the last popular London song.

It was a man's voice, it could be no other than Lord Blair's, and in a minute or two afterwards she heard him as he entered the gallery.

She heard him coming towards her with a quick step, and looking up with his eyes fixed upon her with eager pleasure.

He was dressed in the suit of tweeds in which he had looked so picturesque on the morning of the fight, and in his buttonhole he wore a white rose. It drew her eye towards it, and she knew it at once; it was the finest of the roses she had placed in his room.

"Miss Hale!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand, while his eyes beamed with the frank glad light of youth when it is pleased. "This is luck! I only strolled in here by mere chance—and—and to think of my finding you here! How early you are! And what a lot you have done!" staring admiringly at the canvas. "I hope you didn't catch cold last night?"

"No, my lord," said Margaret, as coldly as if her voice were frozen.

He looked at her with a quick questioning.

"I'm off almost directly," he said with something like a sigh. "It's a bore having to go back to London and leave this place a morning like this. I had no idea it was so—so jolly, until——" he stopped; he was going to add, "until last night."

Margaret remained silent dabbing on little spots of color delicately.

"I quite envy you your stay here," he went on, looking into her grave face, which had become somewhat pale since his arrival. "That jolly little garden, and—and this grand gallery. I hope you will be happy, and—and enjoy yourself."

"Thank you, my lord," as coldly as before.

He looked at her with a slightly puzzled frown.

"Yes, I should like to stay; but I can't,—for the best of all reasons, I have not been invited, don't you know."

Margaret said nothing, but carefully mixed some colors on her palette.

"And so—and so I'm off," he said with a sudden sigh. "Perhaps we shall meet in London, Miss Hale."

"It is not likely," said Margaret.

"So you said last night," he responded; "but I shall live in hopes. Yes! London is only a little place, after all, you know, and we may meet. Well, I'll say good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my lord," she said, affecting not to see his outstretched hand.

"Won't you shake hands?" he said, with a laugh, which died away as she took up the rose and placed it in his extended palm.

"Will you take back this flower, my lord?" she said quietly, but with a trembling quiver on her lips.

"Take back!" he stammered. "Take back the rose I gave you last night?" he went on with astonishment. "Why? Why, what have I done to offend you?" and he stared from the rose to her face.

"You have done nothing to offend me, my lord," said Margaret quickly, and with a vivid blush, which angered her beyond expression. "Nothing whatever, but——"

"But—well?" he said, as she paused.

"But," she went on, lifting her eyes to his bravely—"but I do not think I ought to take a rose from you, my lord."

"Good lord, why not?" he demanded, with not unreasonable astonishment.

Margaret looked down. But she was no coward.

"I will say more than that," she said, in a low but steady voice. "I ought not to have remained in the garden with you last night, Lord Leyton. I thought so last night, I am sure of it now. And if I ought not to have stayed talking with you, I certainly ought not to have accepted a flower from you! I beg your pardon, and—there is your rose!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ONIONS.—For a cold on the chest there is no better specific for most persons than well boiled or roasted onions. They may not agree with every one, but to persons with good digestion they will not only be found to be a most excellent remedy for a cough, and the clogging of the bronchial tubes which is usually the cause of the cough, but, if eaten freely at the outset of a cold, they will usually break up what promised, from the severity of the attack, to have been a serious one.

A writer in a medical journal recently recommended the giving of young raw onions to children three or four times a week, and, when they get too large and strong to be eaten raw, then to boil and roast them, but not to abandon their free use. Another writer, advocating their use, says:

"During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year at least once a week. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description. Further, I challenge the medical fraternity or any mother to point out a place where children have died from diphtheria or scarlatina anginosa, etc., where onions were freely used.

HE HAD THOUGHT OF IT.—"You are poor, are you not, young man?" "Yes, sir." "And, if you marry my daughter, you will take her from a home of luxury and splendor to an humble sphere of life where she may be very unhappy?" "I have thought of that, sir," responded the young man, with deep emotion, "and it occurred to me that if Clara should be unhappy we could live with you until I should be able to carve out a fame and fortune worthy of the beautiful girl I adore."

Bric-a-Brac.

FORKS.—The custom of using forks at the table is even at this day far from universal. The Turkish inhabitants of the Levant, and all the Eastern nations, still serve themselves with their fingers only. The Chinese use small sticks which require considerable dexterity of management; but a man of fashion in Abyssinia disdains the use of either. When he dines he seats himself between two of his wives, each of whom rolls up slices of meat into the form of balls, which they cram into his mouth as he presents it to them alternately.

THE SMALLEST CHURCH.—The smallest church is in the Isle of Wight, in the British Channel. It is of Saxon architecture, twenty-four feet in length, eleven in width, barely high enough for a tall man to stand upright inside it. The moss and lichens have entirely covered the wall of this small sanctuary, and it presents a curiously ancient appearance. This tiny church is the centre of most picturesque scenery, and every Sunday the village people gather to worship there. As not more than twenty people can find room inside, most of the congregation remain outside and listen to the praying and preaching.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.—There is a happy family domiciled in Third avenue, New York. This was started more than twenty-five years ago, and is really two families, as two brothers married two sisters on the same day, and the couples have lived together ever since. They leased a house, started a joint business on the ground floor, all has gone "merry as a marriage bell," and each couple has nine children apiece. Each has five boys and four girls. All the children are said to look alike and there are pairs of each name. Strange to say they never quarrel, and hence go by the name of the "happy family."

INSECTS.—How long the lower order of insects will live under ordinary circumstances is yet but little known. Sir John Lubbock has an ant queen which he had kept for nearly fourteen years, and which was still living at the end of the past year. In 1872 Dr. McCook came into the possession of a species of tarantula, the age is not known, but it still lived until the autumn of 1887. From relative factshe believes the creature to have been 8 years old. He believes spiders generally live from 4 to 6, and occasionally to 10 years. Many insects that die after depositing their eggs will live a long while in the state of perpetual virginity.

THE FIRST GAS.—When the first discovery was made of combustible air, or gas, even great and wise men laughed at the idea. "How could there be a light without a wick?" said a member of the English Parliament when the subject was brought before the House. Sir Humphrey Davy ridiculed the idea of lighting the town with gas, and asked one of the proprietors if he meant to take the dome of St. Paul for a gas meter. When the House of Commons was lighted by gas,the architect thought the fire ran through the pipes, and insisted on their being placed several inches from the wall for fear of the building taking fire. The members might be observed carefully touching the pipes with their gloved hands, and wondering why they did not feel warm. The first shop lighted in London by the new method was in the Strand, 1840; and one lady of rank was so delighted with the brilliancy of the gas lamp on the counter that she asked to be allowed to take it home in her carriage.

OLD ILLUSTRATIONS.—A most ridiculous error was perpetrated by the illustrator of an English prayer-book which was published in the reign of William and Mary. In his picture of the parable of the mote and the beam, he shows a huge log of wood protruding from the eye of one man, while from that of the other falls a cascade of water. It must be said the point is not very obvious. The same illustrator—his fame is anonymous—literally interprets the falling of the scales from the man's eyes. A pair of good honest scales is being got rid of. There is no compromise. There is, however, no series of plates that are more full of absurdities than Fourdrinier's illustrations of "Paradise Lost," 1730. According to him, the Garden of Eden was a place that was sprinkled with substantial stone buildings, was partially inhabited by people who dressed like Roman legionaries, and was surrounded by a wall of masonary, immediately outside of which was a splendid paved tarrace.

Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation what has no root whatever in their serious convictions.

MY PET.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Her splendid eyes have a glinting light
Like the sparkle of stars in a wintry night,
They peep from a fringe of curling jet,
The brightest eyes in the world—my pet!

Her waving hair has an amber glow,
Like the yellow gleam of gold you know,
Or the sunlight caught in a silken net,
The softest hair in the world—my pet!

Her lovely face has a haunting power
Like the subtle scent of an unseen flower,
Or an angel dream one can't forget,
The sweetest face in the world—my pet!

If they gave me Heaven and took her away,
I'd mourn and lament till Judgment Day,
I'd weep till the golden streets were wet,
For I love her better than all—my pet!

The Rose and Thorn

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BITTER RECKONING," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," "ONLY ONE LOVE,"

CHAPTER XIII.

TWO letters passed between Captain Speight and his father just about this time.

"Charing Cross Hotel, April 29, 18—

"Dear Sir—Before leaving home, four years ago, I promised to come back at the end of that time and ask Miss Gaspard again to be my wife. I am in England now to fulfil that promise. I mean to seek her, and, if she will have me, to marry her. In these circumstances, shall I be a welcome guest at your table? I need not say how gladly I will come, if you will receive me.

"Your affectionate son,
"JOHN SPEIGHT."

"Grafton Hall, April 30, 18—

"Dear Sir—In the circumstance you mention, your presence here is not, and never will be, desired by me. If you can conquer your madness, or even if you find the young woman married, I shall be glad to see you.

"Yours truly,
"JOHN SPEIGHT.

"P.S.—The addition of the word 'junior' after your signature would be advisable to avoid mistakes."

Jack laughed over the postscript.

"I believe he will get out of his coffin to abuse the undertaker, if he does not do everything in a business-like manner," he thought.

And then he again slowly read the words:

"If you find the young woman married," and wondered that idea had never occurred to him.

Now that it was presented to him, it was rather a relief, and he muttered, "As likely as not," as he went off to dinner at Mrs. Molloy's.

* * * * * *

No one could accuse Captain John Speight of being careless of his appearance; but he dressed himself with extraordinary care on that Sunday early in May.

Without being self-conceited, he knew the advantages resulting from a pleasant exterior, and, for some reason which he did not trouble to pry into, he was anxious to appear at his best on the occasion of his presentation to Mdlle. Fernande.

He was going down to Cluton on the following day—he had written to the people at "The George," to ask them to reserve rooms for him—to try, in the first place, to see his mother and Blanche, if it could be managed quietly, and, in the second place, to commence his inquiries for Dandie; and then, if he found her working for her bread as a governess, or doing anything equally dreadful, he would marry her at once, and they would immediately go back to India, and live on his pay and the rent of the Briar Farm.

Thank goodness, his father could not touch that.

Even if Dandie did not turn out to be all that he desired, they would get along well enough if they both decided to make the best of each other.

All these virtuous resolutions however did not prevent him from wishing to look well in the eyes of that exquisite creature whom he had as yet only seen at a distance.

Strangely enough, Madame Gilette had never been spoken of by name in his presence, either by Mrs. Molloy or General Mainwaring, so that when he was presented, he was surprised to find himself face to face with an old friend.

This being Madame's first Sunday kettledrum, and Mdlle. Fernande having created such a sensation on her re-appearance, it followed that there were a great many people in the rooms that afternoon.

De Briant came early, but was careful not to appropriate Dandie too exclusively; he knew that one false step now might bring his carefully built house of cards tumbling about his head, and his behavior was circumspection itself.

Dandie was in her old place by the window, surrounded by a crowd of young men—among them her old friend, Felix Whalte, more in love, and more conscious of the hopelessness of his passion than ever.

De Briant was one of the immediate circle round her, and though he was not addressing his conversation to her, Dandie was conscious of his unobtrusive watchfulness, and smiled gently at him once or twice when she caught his eye.

"My mother and Augusta are going to call on their way back from the Zoo," said Lord Winton. "They were astonished when they heard you last night. Mrs. Gray had told them about your success, but they never expected it was anything so great. The Duchess has set her heart on getting you down to the Castle in the autumn. I hope you will be able to come. You look as if you want a little country air and rest. I suppose the excitement takes it out of you—eh?"

"I had a difficult part last night, you know," answered Dandie; "and I feel rather more tired than usual."

As she spoke, she looked across to where Madame Gilette was standing. There seemed to be some unusual excitement on that side of the room.

General Mainwaring and a very tall young man with wavy hair were talking to their hostess, and there was more warmth in their greetings than Madame's guests usually manifested.

Dandie wondered what all the hand-shaking was about; but her wonder was of a very mild type.

That "giant's task" of which she had spoken was turning out heavier even than she had anticipated, and the mighty wrestlings of the night-watches did not leave her much energy to bestow on minor every-day matters.

"Of course you have not seen Dandie yet," Madame was saying—she thought Jack knew Fernande was Dandie, and had come there on purpose to pay his devoirs to the sweetheart of his boyhood. "You will find her greatly improved since you saw her last—as much improved as you are, and that is saying a great deal!"

Then she moved away to address some new arrivals, and the General and Jack turned their faces towards the side of the room where Dandie and her courtiers were.

Dandie saw them at once, and smiled an invitation to the General, whom she had not seen for a year and a half.

She glanced carelessly at the young man by his side, and wondered where she had seen his face before.

De Briant saw them coming too, and anathematized both Jack and the General. Was his ship to be wrecked after all, within sight of the port he had been steering for all these years? He would wait and see the game out.

It was luck that he had fathered the report of Jack's marriage upon some unknown people.

If the "mistake" were found in the coming interview, he would only get credit for having repeated what he had heard.

Dandie rose and went forward a step or two to meet her dear old friend the General.

"It is good to see you again," she said. "I hope you have not forgotten the art of flattery in my absence."

"I have brought a new adorer to worship at your shrine, Mademoiselle," he answered gallantly, indicating the sunburnt young man by his side.

Dandie turned, with the conventional smile of pleasure on her lips, and met a startled incredulous stare from a pair of blue eyes which sent her thoughts back at once to a May afternoon four years ago.

When this look of uncertainty was succeeded instantly by one of positive recognition, and she heard the words: "Why, it is Dandie!" spoken in a low tone of rapture, and felt her hands taken and held as though they were never to be released again, she smiled faintly, and told herself that she was dreaming that old dream of hers over again.

This dream however did not fade away as her dreams usually did, and almost before the General or Jack had time to notice the quivering of her lips, or the tardiness with which her greeting came, she was smiling and speaking as usual.

"I did not know you," she said. "How bronzed you are. And, if you will not be offended with me, I shall be inclined to think you have grown."

Then she drew her hands slowly from his grasp.

"Whether you will be offended or not, I am quite sure you have grown," he answered, smiling at her. "What a truly wonderful meeting this is! I can scarcely persuade myself even yet that it is really you."

"Ah, then you came here," she said, "only expecting to see one old friend instead of two!"

The thought that perhaps he would not have come had he known she was there was torture to her.

"I am waiting patiently to be enlightened," observed the General, in an aggrieved tone. "I bring this young man here to introduce him to two charming ladies, and I find my pleasant task suddenly snatched from me; for, behold, the young man is an older friend of the ladies than I am myself! Captain Speight, you will please explain."

"Oh, Madame and I both knew Captain Speight in the days when we were young and foolish!" said Dandie, with a quiet little smile at Jack, intended to set him at his ease, but producing exactly the opposite effect.

Was it possible that she meant by that speech and significant smile to repudiate the past entirely?

Then Lord Winton and Colonel de Briant detached themselves from the group in the window, and came to greet Jack, and the talk became general.

The Colonel had seen the little by-play between Dandie and Speight, and hope revived within him as he realized that Dandie, believing Speight to be a married man, would inevitably treat him with courteous coolness, more especially as she might fear to betray her real feelings; and that Jack, seeing her coolness, without knowing the cause of it, would certainly think she wished him to understand that he was not to take advantage of their long-past youthful folly.

Once again the Colonel was perfectly correct in his conjecture.

Now that she thought Jack had broken faith with her, Dandie's womanly pride was up in arms. She would not for the world have let him know that she had suffered from his desertion of her.

Jack, with his heart all aflame at the sight of the marvellous beauty of his fiancée, and entranced by her dainty grace and perfect bearing, saw quickly enough, and perhaps even exaggerated, the chilly indifference of her manner.

"Of course, she is a rich woman," he argued bitterly to himself, "and wishes me to understand from the first that any attempt to resume my old footing would be the height of presumption."

So, when, in reply to the General's remark on the delicacy of her appearance, she said that it was due to over-exertion in her acting and singing, and that her calling made such heavy demands on her as really to unfit her for taking any part in the ordinary duties of life, social or domestic, Jack bit his lip savagely, and took the observation entirely to himself.

All the eager cordiality had died out of his manner by the time he took his leave, and he was, outwardly, as pleasantly cool as Dandie herself when their hands met for an instant at parting.

He excused himself to the General when they got outside, and walked away down the road at a very rapid rate.

"I will see her once again," he said to himself hotly; "having come all the way from India to carry out my promise, I'm not going back without doing it; but she shall see that it is a mere matter of duty with me, simply a form—that I only do it from a sense of honor, and that I don't expect her to treat it seriously."

While Jack was thinking thus, Dandie was shut up in her own room, bemoaning the fate that had sent her lover across her path.

"The task of forgetting him was hard before," she cried piteously; "but now that I have seen him, it is a thousand times harder! Oh, Jack—my Jack, how much I love you, my dear—my dear!"

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was the morning of Dandie's twenty-first birthday. Fifine was reading from the *Morning Post*.

"'Last night Mdlle. Fernande made her third appearance this season, in the trying role—especially to such a youthful artist—of Violetta, in La Traviata. The lady's treatment of the music was as superb as we expected it would be, but we must confess we were not prepared for the thrilling pathos of her acting. In the latter scenes particularly, where the unselfish woman resigns herself to the loss of the only man she has ever loved, there was an intensity of sorrow, an outburst of anguish so natural——'"

"That will do, Fifine," said Dandie, raising her head from her hand abruptly and stopping the reading. "You don't want any more of it, do you, dear?" she asked, looking across at Madame, who was sipping her chocolate at the other side of the table.

"I am not in a hurry. Fifine can finish it for me by-and-by, when you are busy with Signor Odiarti."

"Then you may go, Fifine."

"Ah, dear heart," cried Madame, when the door had closed behind the maid, "where is all this to end? Dandie, my dear, can one do anything to help you? That was not acting that thrilled the audience so last night, my poor child; it was your own breaking heart that was shown to them for a moment, the reality of your own grief that roused those cold aristocrats to such a fit of enthusiasm as they show about once in a century."

Dandie smiled at her quietly.

"Don't let us talk about that old misery," she said. "There never was a trouble lessened yet by moaning over it. I suppose nearly every woman has some such experience in her life, and it cannot be worse for me than for the rest of my kind. There is the bell!"

She looked at the clock.

"A quarter to twelve. I daresay that is the clerk from Tillotson's, with those mysterious papers of mine. Now I suppose we shall know why my dear mother made me promise to keep single until to-day."

Baptiste brought in a card.

"'Mr. Wilson, from Messrs. Tillotson and Son,'" read Dandie. "Show the gentleman in here. Good-morning!" she continued, as a small perky man, carrying the professional blue bag, entered the room. "You have some papers to deliver to me, I believe?"

"If you are Miss Fernande Gaspard."

"Yes."

"Then I deliver the packet up to you, and you will please count the documents, and see that they tally with the list on the outside, and sign this paper to acknowledge the safe receipt of them."

"Have you come up from Birmingham this morning?" asked Madame, while Dandie examined the documents curiously and compared them with the list.

"Yes, Madame."

"You must have started very early, without any breakfast"—in a tone of commiseration.

"They are all right, thank you," Dandie said, gathering up the papers and signing her name on the form that Mr. Wilson produced.

"Ask Baptiste to give Mr. Wilson some luncheon, Dandie," said Madame, as the little man edged through the door.

Dandie complied, and then went back and read aloud the list of documents written on the paper that had been wrapped round them.

"'My own baptismal certificate,'" she read; "'my daughter Fernande's baptismal certificate; my marriage certificate; my husband's last letter, written to his father in his dying moments; my last letter to my daughter, written on what I know to be my death-bed.' Poor pretty little mother!" said Dandie gently.

"Dandie," exclaimed Madame, "have you no curiosity at all in your nature? Shall I go away and leave you to read those papers alone?"

"Why should you? Do you think I should keep back anything that is in them from you?"

"Then, my dear, out of consideration for my feelings, don't wait any longer!"

Dandie picked up the first paper that her hand came to.

"This is the marriage certificate of Philip Ponsonby Grafton and Celestine Gaspard," she said, turning a puzzled face towards her friend. "Then my mother dropped her married name and resumed her own! How odd! I wonder why?"

"Go on with the other papers; they will tell you. By-the-by, where did the marriage take place?"

"In the parish church of St. Nicholas, in the city of London."

"Good! I am glad it took place in England. Now go on. Read the letters to yourself first, dear."

"No; I shall read them aloud. This is my father's, since it is signed 'Philip Ponsonby Grafton.' I wonder if he was any relation to the Graftons who lived at Grafton Hall before the Speights owned the place?"

Then she went back to the beginning of the letter, and read:—

"'My dear Father—When this letter reaches you there will be no longer any reason for ill-blood between us, because I shall have closed all accounts with this world. Even now I would not write to ask justice for myself, but I leave a wife behind me—a wife who will soon become a mother; and it is for her, and for the unborn heir of Grafton Hall, that I claim your fair treatment and gentlest pity.'

"What does it mean?" asked Dandie, raising her white scared face inquiringly.

"I think it means that you are the heiress to the Grafton estates, in the direct line!" said Madame, her face aglow with excitement. "Go on!"

"Dandie, trembling so much that her lips could hardly form the syllables, resumed—

"'She is a timid, easily-frightened creature, but she has been an angel of goodness to me. She has kept me during three months of sickness by her earnings as a public singer, doing violence to her own feelings that I might want for nothing. Be as kind as you can to her and my child, and, above all, be just.

"'Your son,
"'PHILIP PONSONBY GRAFTON.'"

"If this is so, what will be the immediate result?" asked Dandie, still trembling violently.

"Impossible to say at this stage, my dear! Why in Heaven's name didn't your mother make her claim when you were born? Perhaps she explains in her letter."

Dandie picked up a closely-written sheet of foolscap, and read straight on—with one or two little pauses when her eyes grew dim—to the end.

"'My darling Daughter—When you read the papers contained in the sealed packet with this letter, and know what they mean, you may be inclined to blame me for having kept you out of your rightful heritage so long. I don't try to defend myself; I may have been to blame, my cowardly fear may have influenced me more than I believed; but I always persuaded myself that what I did was done for the best.

"'I met your father by accident almost directly I came to London. I had a fine, well-trained voice, and I had been told it would make my fortune in England. We saw each other, fell in love, and, three weeks after our first meeting, we were married. I could not get an engagement, so we went to France. One day, when we had been married about six months, and our money was nearly all gone, your father was brought home insensible—he did not die directly, as I thought he would; he lingered for three months, and I—don't think less of your mother for it, dear—sang at *cafés chantants* to earn the needful comforts for my husband. Well, he died. He had told me to go straight to his father, as soon as he was buried, with my marriage-certificate, and claim his protection, but I was too ill at the time to travel. Then, when I did come to London and went to the address he had given me, I found his father was dead.

"'This was an awful shock to me; but I had you to think about and provide for then. My experience in those places in

Paris and had given me confidence, and I sought for and obtained engagements to sing at the music-halls in London—again let my motive excuse me. I stayed there working hard for more than two years, and I managed to save a little money. Then I went down to Cluton to find out who had claimed the property which was lawfully yours. I found a family in possession. I thought I would wait and watch for an opportunity to assert your claims. I was so alone, my child, and so ignorant of English law; I thought they might put us in prison as impostors if I failed to prove the truth of my claim. I found some pupils, and taught them my own language, and music and singing; among others I taught the children of the very man who was usurping your place.

"'I had made up my mind to tell Mr. Gray all the truth, and take his advice, when I met this Mr. Speight face to face and was introduced to him. My daughter, from that moment my heart failed me, for I perceived that he was grasping, tyrannical, and cruel, that he would not give up easily what he had once obtained possession of, and that he would bitterly persecute any one who should try to deprive him of his well-beloved riches. I was very successful with my pupils; you were growing up healthy and happy among kind friends. Why, I asked myself, should I disturb so pleasant a state of things? You would be happier at Grafton Hall than you were with me; there would be time enough to assert our claims when you were of an age to inherit. Therefore I took great trouble with your education, teaching you all that a high-born lady should know, and, as a matter of pleasure to myself, gave your fine voice the benefit of the training I had received at the Conservatoire.

"'I have written this letter bit by bit, as I have felt able. If you think I have done wrong in suppressing your claims all these years, you will forgive me for the sake of the love I have borne you, will you not? I still dread so much the consequences of Mr. Speight's anger that I have taken means to prevent your knowing anything about your parentage until you are twenty-one; you will then be of an age to judge what is best for yourself. For this reason I also asked you to keep single; I did not wish you to make this discovery after marriage. Heaven bless and keep you, my darling!

"'Your devoted mother,
"'CELESTINE GRAYTON.'"

"What do you intend to do, Dandie?"

"Throw all these papers into the fire, and forget all about it!"

"My dear!"

"You need not look so astonished. I don't want their money, since, thanks to you, I have plenty of my own; and it would break Mr. Speight's heart to have to give up any part of his beloved possessions. I heard Mr. Gray say that he was horribly grasping at heart, though he was careful to hide his covetousness as far as he could. Besides, I should never be very happy at Grafton—it would continually remind me of the past; and, lastly, if I owned Grafton Hall, I don't think Colonel de Briant would care for me any more than he does now, and the responsibility would be enormous."

"Well, you have plenty of reasons for not claiming your own, at all events. What is it, Fifine? Is Signor Ollarti here already? He is half an hour before his time."

"No, Madame. It is a gentleman to see Ma'm'selle."

"It is Captain Speight!" said Dandie, flushing and paling again as she stood irresolute, with the card in her hand. "He has pencilled in the corner; 'I will not detain you more than ten minutes.'"

"Will you see him, dear?"

"Yes, I will see him"—Fifine left the room—"or he might think I was afraid, you know," she continued; "and I would not have him think that for a dozen good engagements."

Jack had not to wait very long. Dandie first bathed her eyes to remove all signs of the tears her mother's letter had caused, then went into the room where he was.

The first greetings were a little stiff and awkward on his side. In his effort to keep this new mad passion of his out of sight, he fell into the opposite extreme, and was phenomenally frigid.

Dandie smiled contemptuously, for all her love, when she saw this, as she thought how needless was this parade of indifference.

"How cold this easterly wind keeps the rooms!" she said, passing on to a chair by the fire, after she had shaken hands. "It must seem odd to you, after the warmth of India, to come home and find us shivering in May."

"Everything here seems odd to me!" he answered, then paused abruptly, and asked himself if that was his business-like way of conducting the interview, to begin with reproaches.

"Yes?" she rejoined lightly. "I dare say. Things must be very different out there."

"I hope Madame is quite well."

"Quite, thank you. She would have come to see you, but we fancied your visit was intended for me only."

"You were quite right; it was."

Dandie bowed and reached down a hand-screen from the mantel-piece; she wondered what he had to say, and she wished he would say it and go.

Jack was finding his task more difficult than he had expected. With his hat still in his hand, he was leaning with one arm on the mantelpiece, and looking wonderfully handsome, in spite of the agitation he could not entirely conceal.

"Miss Gaspard, you remember the promise I made to you four years ago, on the day I left Cluton?" he began.

"Oh, yes; I remember it quite well!" she answered pleasantly, after she had stooped, so quickly as to forestall him, and picked up the hand-screen, which had dropped upon the floor. "But there is no need for either of us to recall that childish nonsense now, is there? We are both much older and wiser than we were then. Don't let us talk about it any more; unless"—with a sudden gleam of intelligence in her eyes—"you have come to-day to ask me not to mention it to any one. You may rest satisfied; no one will hear of it from me."

"No; that was not my purpose in coming here to-day. I came merely to discharge a duty which I felt I owed to myself. You quite understand me, it is a mere matter of form, and therefore you will not accuse me of presumption. I comprehend perfectly that Dandie Gaspard and Mademoiselle Fernande are as wide apart, from a social point of view, as the poles. But you see I am pretty much the same person as I always was, and therefore feel I ought formally to carry out my part of the programme. Miss Gaspard, four years ago I promised to come back, when you were twenty-one, and repeat the offer of marriage I made you then, and now I beg in due form to do so."

Dandie had slowly risen from her chair, and her fingers were now clutching nervously at the mantelpiece.

"You repeat your offer of marriage to me?" she asked, slowly and with great deliberation.

He bowed politely.

"Then are you not—married already?"—the last two words uttered very quickly.

"Married! Good gracious—no!"

"Oh, Jack—my Jack!"

She quite forgot, in the ecstasy of the moment, that he had not said a word about loving her, she did not think of the formal nature of his proposal—surely the strangest offer of marriage that ever escaped a man's lips; she only realized the fact that it was not a sin to love this man, that he was not another woman's husband, and she took two quick steps across to him, put her hands upon his shoulders, her face upon his breast, and burst into a hearty fit of crying.

Jack's face, above her downbent head, expressed a variety of changing emotions—incredulity, unlimited wonderment, and sudden enlightenment—as the truth, or part of it, flashed across his mind; then a look of supreme contentment settled down upon his features, as he dropped his hat from his hand and put his arms round her.

"And is it really my Dandie after all? I shall not wake up presently, shall I, and find this is all a delicious dream, and that there is no real Dandie, but a proud, repellent, worldly-wise woman in her place?"

"Oh, Jack, what a heart—heartless creature you must have thought me!"

Jack did not say anything to this—perhaps it was too near the truth to make an answer desirable—but he smoothed her hair softly and lovingly.

She became calmer by-and-by, and then he said—

"So you believed I had broken faith with you, and that was why you treated me so abominably—eh? And who told you the cruel lie?"

A certain ring of passion in the last words impressed his listener with a sense of its justice.

All this passed through her mind so quickly that she had come to the decision not to betray the slanderer to Jack, for fear future harm might come of it, before he repeated his question. So she said, while her conscience smote her for her lack of courage—

"I was trying to think. I overheard some one talking of Captain Speight's marriage, and jumped to the conclusion that it was yours."

Madame Gilette, waiting patiently for Dandie's reappearance in the bright little morning-room at the end of the passage, wondered, as the time crept on, what could be keeping the girl.

Signor Ollarti had arrived, and had been waiting a quarter of an hour; and, as his moments were literally golden, Madame at last sent Fifine to ask if Mademoiselle would take a lesson or not to-day.

This roused the lovers, who would otherwise have continued to discuss their past doubts and fears until the daylight failed.

"Stay here a minute until I dismiss the Signor, and then I will take you in to Madame," cried Dandie, as she ran from the room, blushing and laughing.

Madame looked surprised at sight of the couple standing before her; then a smile broke over her face. She put out her hand and wrung Jack's heartily.

"So the story of your marriage was not true then, Jack, and you have been as faithful to Dandie as she has been to you? My dear boy, I am very glad! Give me a kiss!"

He did as he was bidden, and there was a slight twinge of compunction in his heart as he remembered how "spoony" he had been on Mdlle. Fernande before he knew she was Dandie; but he thought it was not worth while mentioning the fact.

"So you will be mistress of Grafton Hall," said Madame presently, "in spite of all your disclaimers, Dandie."

"Never mind about that now," returned Dandie quickly.

"Nonsense, child!" said Madame. "Of course Jack must know whom he is marrying! Has she not told you anything about the wonderful discovery we have made this morning? Don't you know she is the granddaughter of Mr. Felix Ponsonby Grafton, your father's cousin, and consequently heiress in the direct line to the Grafton estates?"

* * * * * *

"This is really splendid!" said Jack when he knew everything. "It will be the finest lesson the governor has ever had in his life—to be obliged to do the humble to the young woman he has scouted as a daughter-in-law! You must be guided by us in this, Dandie. We will go down and see old Blaine at once, and then go to Cluton in a body to-morrow—you've not singing, are you?—and take the governor by storm! What a towering rage he'll be in; and I can't help saying it serves him right!"

CHAPTER XV.

THEY reached Cluton at noon the next day, and created some excitement at the little railway-station, more particularly because there was no carriage to meet them.

The station-master greeted Mr. Blaine civilly, and Jack—when he found out who he was—enthusiastically; but he glanced inquisitively at the two elegantly-dressed women, especially at the young one, with the fair pale skin, the large gray eyes, and the sweet mouth and face. He wondered if she were Mrs. John Speight, but he was not enlightened.

"They don't expect you up at the Hall, do they, sir?" he asked. "You see there's no trap of any sort to meet you."

"No; they don't expect us," replied Mr. Blaine drily, with a glance at Madame that made her laugh heartily. "Send down to 'The George' for a close carriage, will you, Mr. Stetson?"

The drive up to the Hall was rather a silent one. Dandie only spoke once, and then she said earnestly—

"You quite understand, Mr. Blaine, that the fact of my being the heiress is only to be used to induce Mr. Speight to receive me civilly; if it is not to be acted on? If, in the face of everything, he still stands out against me, Jack will take me back to India with him, and we'll do without his father's blessing or his money either."

"Never fear, Miss Dandie; I shall manage him," answered the old lawyer, with a twinkle of keen enjoyment in his eyes; "he'll come to his senses when he knows who you are."

The park was looking its very best that morning, in the bright May sunshine, clothed in its spring garb of vivid green.

"Is Mr. Speight in?" asked the old lawyer of the man at the door.

"Yes, sir; he's in the conservatories with the mistress."

"Well, take our cards to him, and tell him that Mr. Blaine—don't forget the name—in particular, must have a few minutes' conversation with him."

The servant showed them into the morning-room, and went off in search of his master. He presented the cards, and delivered Mr. Blaine's message.

"Blaine here!" exclaimed Mr. Speight, in evident surprise. "I hope nothing is wrong! 'Madame Gilette!' What can have brought her down here after dropping the acquaintance all these years? 'Captain John Speight.'" Mrs. Speight clasped her hands as she heard her husband read the name on the second card. "Oh, I suppose he has come to his senses then! 'Mademoiselle Fernande'—she's a singer, isn't she? What is this written in pencil under the name—'alias Dandie Gaspard, nee Grafton?' What the deuce! Has he dared to bring that Gaspard girl here, to the very house! I'll have them hounded down the drive, the pair of them; I'll——"

"Go and hear what Mr. Blaine has to say first, John," said Mrs Speight soothingly, though she was trembling a little; it was so very seldom that her husband allowed his passion to overcome him so completely.

"Yes; I'll see Blaine; but, if he has come here to try to talk me over into consenting to this marriage, I'll bundle him down the steps after the others; he shall never do another pen-stroke of business for me! Where are all these people, Dawson?"

"In the morning-room, sir."

"Tell Mr. Blaine to come to me in the library, and inform Captain Speight and the young woman with a string of names that I refuse to see them, and I beg them to leave the house at once. Take Madame Gilette to your mistress, in the drawing-room."

Poor little Mrs. Speight stood motionless until her lord and master had stalked out of sight; then she made her way to the entrance-hall and waited there, trembling greatly, but determined that Jack should not go away without her seeing him.

Mrs. Blaine stopped quickly, on his way to the library, to shake hands with her.

"Mr. Speight is in an awful temper, I suppose, by his message," he said. "Don't let it upset you. In a quarter of an hour he will be as mild as a lamb, I promise you; and, what is more, he will be not only willing, but anxious, to welcome Miss Gaspard as a daughter! Go in and see them all, and don't be in the least afraid."

The lawyer looked so confident that she thought she might really venture. When her kind face appeared at the morning-room door, there was a shout from Jack, followed by a joyful cry from his mother, who was at once clasped in his arms. When at last she disengaged herself, with a tremulous little laugh, there was a strange redness round Captain Speight's eyes.

"He was always a mother's boy," said the little lady, advancing to shake hands with madame, and then standing motionless with surprise before Dandie.

Was it possible this magnificent woman was little Dandie Gaspard—this majestic queen-like creature, who stood there smiling so graciously down at her!

Dandie had felt strangely touched at the sight of the meeting between her sweetheart and his mother, and her eyes glistened as she said—

"You will not be cruel to me too, Mrs. Speight? Just say once that you are glad to see me—say it for kindness, even if you don't feel it very much!"

"My dear," said the little woman, seizing Dandie's two hands, "how beautiful you have grown! I am very glad to see you again, dear, and I hope what Mr. Blaine says is true—that the trouble is all over." Then she held up her face cordially for Dandie's warm kiss.

Jack came back from the window to join in the conversation.

"Where is Blanche, mother?"

"She is staying at the Dibdins.' She is engaged to Fred, the eldest son. He came over last week to see your father about it. They are to be married in August."

"The very thing!" cried Jack, looking at Dandie, who blushed, but was perfectly self-possessed. "Your season will be over, Dandie, and my leave won't be up until November; we'll make a double wedding of it."

Then he told his mother all the wonderful news. She cried a little, and kissed Dandie again, and said it was more marvellous than any romance she had ever read.

Presently they all began to feel rather anxious, thinking that Mr. Blaine had found his task more difficult than he had expected.

The lawyer came at last however, looking as if he had had rather a sharp tussle, and took Dandie and Jack away to the library.

When Dandie saw the expression of shame on Mr. Speight's face she felt really sorry for him, and in her pity she lost all self-consciousness, and did the very best thing she could have done.

She went forward, and put her arms round the sullen man's neck, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"It is so like dear old times to see you again!" she said. 'Give me a kiss to let me know you have forgiven me for all the trouble I have caused between you and Jack, and then give him a hearty welcome home again."

Jack shook his father's outstretched hand heartily.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, sir!" he said.

"And does not Jack look well himself!" exclaimed Dandie, seeing that they were both greatly moved, and determined that there should be no stiffness or awkwardness if she could help it. "Do you know, I did not recognise him until I looked straight into his eyes. He is talking of going back to India again at the end of the year; but I don't think we shall spare him. You'll have to leave the army, Jack, and settle down at home with us."

Fortunately the luncheon-bell rang at that moment, and Dandie slipped her hand within Mr. Speight's arm, and bore him off triumphantly to the dining-room, Jack and Mr. Blaine following, expressing to each other in pantomime their admiration of her pluck and tact.

From this point all went as merry as a marriage-bell.

He only lived two years after this event, but not a word ever passed his lips as to Dandie's heiress-ship.

The day she went to Cluton was the day Dandie had appointed to give Colonel de Briant his final answer.

She forgot all about it until she reached home, and then Fifine told her, as she changed her dress, that the Colonel had called.

"Baptiste fetched me, for the Colonel wished to know if you had left any message for him, Mademoiselle; but I told him that you had not—that you had seemed too happy to remember messages for any one. He asked me if I knew where you had gone, and I told him that you had gone to Cluton with Captain Speight. He turned an awful color at that, poor man—he loved you very much, Mademoiselle—and took out a card, and wrote those letters in the corner."

Dandie sighed a little over the scribbled "P.P.C.;" she was sorry for him, although he had behaved so badly.

She never saw him again. He forsook the haunts of civilization altogether after his disappointment, and was only heard of in the newspapers now and then as performing doughty deeds in the hunting-fields of the Western Prairies.

Jack and Dandie were married in August, and went to live at Grafton Hall, where a wing was fitted up for their special use.

Madame Gilette has taken a pretty cottage in Cluton village, for "a summer retreat," she says; but she is very seldom away from it when the Speights are at Grafton. She insists on their using the old place in St. John's Wood as their town house, because she intends to leave it to Dandie when she dies; so she is never long apart from her darling.

Dandie has given up singing in public, except in the cause of charity. Jack has become a shining light in the militia. He says it is better than nothing, and Dandie says it gives him a chance to air his vanity now and then, although the vanity is all on her side when her handsome husband canters off on horseback in his regimentals to play at soldiering.

[THE END.]

THE WORLD TO ME!

BY EDWARD OXENFORD.

O thou art all the world to me,
My bright and only star!
And life bereft of charm must be
With thou, my love, afar!

The lonely moments come and go
On tardy wings, alas!
And ne'er one gleam of joy bestow,
As slowly on they pass!

O thou art all the world to me,
And all must aye remain!
So hear me when I plead to thee
Nor let me plead in vain!

Respond to love I fondly give,
And say thou wilt be mine!
Ah! then it will be sweet to live,
For life will be divine!

Miles, The Carpenter

BY ELLA J. CURTIS.

CHAPTER I.

NO; she had quite made up her mind she would not spend the whole of the beautiful summer shut up in London—going to dinners and dances she detested, and riding up and down that everlasting Row every morning.

She had done her duty, and that was enough.

She went to the Drawing-room because people said it was her duty; but it was not her duty to stay in London, and she would not stay.

In this dogmatic fashion Isabel Heriot, a beauty and an heiress, as soon as she came of age announced her intention of breaking away from established rules and conventional customs.

So long as she was legally an infant she was tolerably tolerant of advice, and fairly amenable to discipline, she listened patiently to the arguments on the other side, and gave way with a reasonable amount of grace when she knew that submission was inevitable.

But as soon as she was legally free, she took her own way in right royal fashion, and those who heretofore were privileged to advise, and, if need were, to coerce, were now obliged meekly to acquiesce in the mandates of a young commander.

But when the worst is said, it must be allowed that Miss Heriot was by no means disposed to be either very headstrong or very arbitrary.

On two matters only she delivered an ultimatum and adhered to it; she would not spend the season in town, and she would not be introduced to, or in any way, directly or indirectly, allow herself to be brought into contact with Mr. Frank Devonport.

She and he had been baby playfellows together, but that, she declared, meant nothing; nor could anyone logically affirm that it did.

Now that he and she were of age and in possession of their respective properties (she was an only daughter, and he an only son), they were not bound, she said, to be friendly.

It was quite possible, if people had not been silly enough to say that she would be a good match for Frank, and Frank for her, that she might have renewed the baby intimacy and become friendly, but she could not meet him with any pleasure when such foolish remarks had been made.

She was indifferent to the fact that his property in Squireshire "marched" with hers.

Was that a reason for marrying him? and when someone, with the courage of his or her opinions, said it was an excellent reason, Miss Heriot simply took refuge in contemptuous silence more eloquent than words.

Young Devonport had a charming house in Squireshire. It fully deserved the name of mansion.

Miss Heriot's house was smaller and more picturesque. The red roof, tall chimneys, and quaint old bell-tower were visible from the hill behind Oakshott (that was the name of Frank's place); but Oakshott itself was so buried in its beautiful woods that not even a gable could be seen from the roof of Deepmere, so-called from a mere, or small lake, supposed to be unfathomable in depth, that was hidden away in a distant corner of the park.

By all the laws that govern romance, this lake ought to have borne an evil reputation, and its neighborhood should be haunted: but it was not so, although on a dark November afternoon it looked weird and uncanny enough to support the worst reputation in the world.

As soon as Miss Heriot came of age, she determined to set to work to build an addition to her house.

She had great faith in her own skill as an architect, and she made up her mind that plans designed and drawn by herself should be used.

As luck would have it, the plans were fairly good, and a small amount of supervision would have made them perfectly workmanlike; but that supervision they did not at first receive.

One of the reasons Miss Heliot gave for leaving town at the beginning of the season was that she wished to be on the spot while the improvements were being carried out at Deepmere.

She had fallen in love with the place when she went down in the early spring, to receive congratulations of her tenantry and friends upon the attainment of her majority; and, before she went back to town to attend the drawing-room, she had rapidly blocked out the plan of her projected improvements, and also arranged that a pretty and roomy cottage on the estate, about a quarter of a mile from the house, should be at once put in order and suitably furnished for her use.

She meant to spend the summer and autumn at Deepmere with her kind old friend and chaperone, Miss Jaconette Olney, familiarly known to the saucy young heiress as "Jacky," or, when she wished to be dutiful and impressive, as "Miss Jacky."

She had also secured the companionship of a dear friend, an orphan, but not an heiress, like herself—a bright and charming girl, called Helen Chesney.

Miss Heriot was impulsive, high-spirited, and somewhat obstinate; kind-hearted, also affectionate and generous; quick to take offence, but as quick to forgive and forget.

But, in one so lovely and so sweet to look at, so fascinating in manner, and so gay of speech, faults of character greater and more serious than she possessed might easily be forgiven.

Her friend, Miss Chesney, was to the full as amiable, but far less impulsive. Her head almost always guided her heart; but she was wont to say that she and Isabel generally arrived at the same conclusions, although they traveled by entirly different roads.

She had at first laughed at her friend for her obstinate determination not to know her neighbor, the young owner of Oakshott; but, remembering how opposition tends to strengthen resolve, she said, after a time—

"By all means, my dear, avoid him if you like."

Then it came by accident to Miss Chesney's knowledge that Frank Devonport declared that no introduction to Miss Heriot was necessary, as they had known one another in the nursery; and, furthermore, he asserted that the young lady's views might one day become so altered that she would offer him her hand in marriage.

He did not say positively that she would do this, but simply declared it was quite possible.

Helen actually trembled to think of the consequences if this boyish impertinence were repeated to Isabel.

Of course the boast was just the outcome of a little mortified vanity on Devonport's part, for he must have known well enough that Miss Heriot would never propose to him.

It was possible, Miss Chesney was well aware, that, if Isabel were to give her heart to a man who was too poor, or too lowly in station to aspire to her hand, she would, in one way or another, give him to understand that his suit would not be rejected.

But Frank could not at any time be placed in such a position.

If he approached Miss Heriot at all, it would be as a lover who was fully her equal in wealth and birth; her superior indeed as regards the former, for the Oakshott property was larger than that of Deepmere.

CHAPTER II.

"IT seems to me, my dear," said Lady Malebar, who, with two other ladies, was visiting Isabel on her "At Home" day about a week before she, Miss Jaconette, and Helen Chesney, were to leave town for Squireshire—"it seems to me that, if you really want to avoid Frank Devonport, you are going a very bad way about it. If he is at Oakshott and you are at Deepmere, you will be ushering into one another's arms at every turn."

"Oh, dear, no!" interrupted Mrs. Sweetlips, in her soft, purring voice. "Dear Isabel is quite safe. Frank Devonport is abroad, and not likely to come back for a couple of years."

"Quite true, my love," chimed in Mrs. Merton-Rose, a bright, satirical, well-dressed little person, who was no favorite with women, though she was universally admired by men. "Quite true. He is so awfully cut up by your determined refusal to meet him that he has to fly to a foreign land to hide his mortification."

"How does he know I refused to meet him?" Miss Heriot asked. "I did not make it public in the 'Agony Column' of the *Times*."

"Oh, these things are in the air, like malaria," said Lady Malebar; and she laughed, fancying she had said something very clever. "Everyone knows by this time that you are afraid of Frank Devonport."

"Afraid!" cried Isabel. "I am not afraid of any man in the world I hope."

"Lady Malebar does not mean afraid in that sense, Bel," put in Helen, who saw an ominous flash in her friend's eyes.

"Oh, dear, no," Lady Malebar hastened to explain. "What I mean is that we all know you are a little bit of a Socialist, or a Anarchist, or whatever you call those creatures who want some people to be as good as other people, and you are afraid to run the risk of being fascinated by such a charming young Tory as Frank Devonport."

"He certainly is one of the most charming young men I know," said Mrs. Sweetlips. "Quite too handsome, and so nice and agreeable."

"I call him a conceited young puppy," cried Mrs. Merton-Rose. "He thinks so much of himself, one would imagine he was the only man who ever came out with a double-first at Oxford."

Lady Malebar and Mrs. Sweetlips exchanged looks, as much as to say, "It is easy to see he is not in her train of admirers."

"I heard a very different account of him," said Miss Chesney. "I heard he was both modest and unassuming; but mine is a man's verdict," she added, laughing.

Mrs. Merton-Rose shrugged her shoulders, and did not contest the point.

"Have you begun your building at Deepmere yet, Isabel?" Lady Malebar asked, presently. "Do you know, my dear, I pity you from my heart. When once you begin with bricks and mortar, you never know where to stop. What is it you are doing? Someone said something about a private chapel."

"I think of building a chapel," said Isabel; "but I must get the house finished first. I am going to build a new drawing-room, and turn the present one into a library, and I want additional bedrooms. There is really very little accomodation in the house."

"And you have drawn all the plans yourself," said Mrs. Sweetlips. "I call that very clever of you."

Isabel laughed and blushed.

"My plans are rather a sore subject with me now," she said. "The builders said they could not work from them, so I was obliged to let them be altered—very much against my will, I assure you, as Miss Jaconette and Helen can tell you."

"You should have consulted Malebar. He got his plans—you know we built a new house on the Welsh estate the other day—from Roof and Gable. They are the men now."

"My dear child!" cried Mrs. Sweetlips, "on no account employ Roof and Gable. My brother-in-law was completely taken in by them. You never saw such a hideous house as his is, and so uncomfortable! No; if want really good men, you must have Brown and Cloister. Everybody employs them."

"Oh, dear," cried Mrs. Merton-Rose, "how glad I am I don't know any architect!"

"And I am glad I have not to decide between the merits of these rival firms," said Miss Heriot.

"Oh!" and Miss Chesney laughed outright, and gentle Miss Jacky smiled. "Of course Isabel has done something original. She has found an architect whom no one in or out of the profession ever heard of."

"I did not find him, dear; he found me; but I have had a most excellent character of him from the clergyman at Oakshott."

"But the funny part," said Miss Chesney," is that he is not an architect at all, but just a common carpenter."

"Not a common carpenter, Nellie. You saw that pretty table at the Rectory that he made."

"Yes, I saw it; but perhaps he did not make it himself."

"Oh, I am sure he did. Are you going, Lady Malebar? Good-bye. You too, Mrs. Sweetlips!"

"Yes, Lady Malebar is going to leave me at home. Good-bye, dear. Shall I see you again before you bury yourself alive at Deepmere?"

"I must say good-bye, too," said Mrs. Merton-Rose. "Can you not dine with us before you go? Just ourselves; I know you dislike parties. No? You are a naughty child," and she kissed Isabel with effusion on both cheeks.

"I do not like Mrs. Merton-Rose," was Miss Heriot's prompt announcement as soon as all the visitors had left. "She always rubs my temper the wrong way. You do not like her, do you, Miss Jacky?" And she knelt down beside the old lady and kissed her.

"Give me another cup of tea, my love," was all Miss Jacky said. It was well known that she very rarely gave an opinion.

"I wonder why Mrs. Merton-Rose dislikes Mr. Devonport," said Helen. "I suppose she could not succeed in dragging him about at her chariot wheels."

"I daresay he is very conceited," said Miss Heriot, decidedly. "Being rich, he will trade all his life on his University honors, and do nothing."

"You are rich yourself," retorted Helen. "What are you going to do?"

"I am only a woman; it is not my place to make a figure in the world. But a young man like Mr. Devonport ought to go into Parliament, or he might make discoveries and write about them. Anything would be better than idling about, gambling at Monte Carlo, or——"

"But you do not know that he gambles."

"I am sure he does, just as I am sure that my carpenter at Oakshott made the Rector's table. Now, I want to know why a young gentleman of four-and-twenty should not do something with his hands besides shuffling cards and rattling dice."

"Is Frank Devonport three years older than you are?"

"Yes, I used to think he was quite a big boy when I was a little mite."

"He does not confine himself to shuffling cards," said Helen, who always made a point of defending young Devonport. "I am told he is a first-rate musician. There now, Bel, that is a taste you would have in common."

"Oh, I daresay he plays atrociously."

"And suppose," Miss Chesney went on, "that he did something with his hands, as you say. Suppose, for instance, that he took to making tables and chairs, like this man you are going to employ? If all gentlemen of means took to a trade, the men without means would be ruined."

"Yes, I suppose so; but I know I should like to set women like Mrs. Merton-Rose to earn their living in a laundry. What are you laughing at, Miss Jacky? Now, I am sure you would enjoy seeing Mrs. Merton-Rose, with her sleeves tucked up, scrubbing away, although perhaps you might not like to entrust her with your pretty cambric frills. Nellie, my dear, what did I do with the Rector's letter? He sent back that man's correction of my design. I wish he had sent my drawing as well, and then we could compare the two. And I do not understand all these lines and figures. Why cannot people draw plans without putting in A, B, and C?"

"My dear Bel, I know you will not take my advice; but I think you ought to have Roof and Gable down next week. In spite of what Mrs. Sweetlips says, they are first-rate men—quite at the top of their profession."

Miss Heriot shook her head.

"No," she said, "if I cannot build my new house in my own way, with just a little help from the Oakshott man, it will not be built at all. Good gracious, dear! it is the easiest thing to plan a few rooms if only you set about it; and the man says my plans are admirable."

"And perhaps he does. Why should he not?"

"But if he is such a wonderful architect, why should he be a carpenter in a country village?"

"Because he likes it, I suppose."

Miss Chesney let the matter drop. She knew what a fine vein of obstinacy ran through her friend's character, and she did not wish to work it up to the surface.

In less than a week she, Miss Jaconette, and Isabel left London for Squireshire; and then Miss Heriot spent two days in rearranging the cottage and wandering about the beautiful park with her friend.

"I cannot believe it is all mine," she used to say.

The third day came.

"Now we must set to work in earnest," she said, as soon as breakfast was over. "The very first thing I am going to order is a sort of light trellis-work outside the drawing-room windows to train flowers over. I have sent for the carpenter to the village; he will be here directly."

"And do you think he will condescend to a job of that kind?" asked Miss Chesney.

"Of course he will if he is paid for it. Why not?"

As she was speaking (she and Helen were standing on the porch of the cottage), steps were heard approaching, and a young man came round the angle of the house; he had a tool-basket slung over his shoulder. Touching his cap as he approached, he said—

"If you please, Miss, I am Miles, the carpenter."

CHAPTER III.

IT was luncheon-time, and the three ladies were dawdling over their cutlets, and discussing plans for the afternoon. A drive was proposed.

"You can take Miss Jacky in the pony carriage, Helen," said Isabel. "I have to meet the Rector and Mr. Miles up at the house at half-past three."

"Mr. Miles!" cried Helen, laughing. "He is promoted to honor, this village carpenter! Miss Jaconette, you should have been down this morning to see this prince of workmen! I assure you, when he came round the corner, Bel and I all but courtseyed to him!"

"I confess," said Isabel, "I put up my glasses and stared at him. It was very rude, and I am afraid the poor man felt it; but then I was not prepared."

"Prepared for what, my dear?"

"Well, to see such a fine, handsome fellow. He has beautiful eyes, and such a mouth and teeth! And he is tall and well-made; even in his workman's clothes you can see what a good figure he has."

"Dear, dear!" said Miss Jacky. "Is he young too?"

"About six or seven-and-twenty, I suppose. I call him the 'young Duke;' not that I have a wide range of acquaintance among Dukes, young or old, but he is what one imagines a Duke ought to be."

"I hope he is not impertinent and presuming," Miss Jacky said, anxiously. "Good-looking young men in his rank of life so often forget themselves; and in these democratic days——"

"Oh, he is very respectful!" cried both the young ladies in a breath.

"Indeed, it was quite irritating," Helen went on, "to see the persistent way in which he touched his hat to Isabel, and she would call him Mr. Miles."

"You would not have me say Miles, would you?"

"Certainly. What is he but a carpenter, after all? You should call him Miles, and order him about just as you do your servants. You must not let him imagine that he is anything out of the common. But indeed, when he speaks, a great deal of the charm goes."

"Yes, his grammar is distressing; but he took those measurements for the trellis-work in a very workmanlike manner."

"Do you think so? I thought he was rather clumsy for a professional. And when he was rolling up his yard-measure, and also when he had out that note-book of his (by the way, it was a very smart affair for a carpenter), he was staring round the drawing-room! You were at your writing-table with your side-face to him, and, I assure you, you came in for a good share of the young man's attention. To tell you the truth, I thought he was making a sketch of you, in that red book of his."

"A sketch of me!" cried Miss Heriot, blushing angrily. "What impertinence! He would not venture to do such a thing. But I see you are right, Helen. He will have to be kept in his place."

* * * * * *

"Allow me, Miss," said Miles, the carpenter.

The Rector, Dr. Thorn, Miss Heriot, and Miles—who, in his capacity of amateur architect, had corrected and improved the young lady's plans for the addition about to be built at Deepmere—had met up at the house; and, when the consultation was over, Isabel found, somewhat to her chagrin, that her part in the affair has been restricted to the receiving of advice and information.

Dr. Thorn, too, had taken but a limited share in the so-called consultation. Miles, the carpenter, was spokesman and expositor, and he more than once put aside suggestions from Miss Heriot in a high-handed manner that she by no means approved of.

And yet the man could not be called impertinent, and his ideas were certainly much clearer and more practical than her own.

But, then, if this country coldhopper, to whom Providence had vouchsafed a certain amount of architectural genius, were allowed to suppose that everything he suggested was to be accepted without contradiction, his head would be turned, and, instead of being a servant, he would be master.

The Rector had an appointment, and was obliged to leave before the business of the afternoon was quite over.

Miss Heriot remained for ten or fifteen minutes longer, and, in that short time, a dozen or more of her pet plans and suggestions were overruled by the autocratic workman, for, after all, he was not an architect at all, but just a workman.

At last she could bear it no longer; so, with a hasty "Very well; I must think it over, and let you know my decision," she picked up the camp-stool she had carried with her from the cottage, and walked away.

But she had not taken many steps when with the words, "Allow me, Miss," the stool was taken out of her hand, and there was Miles, the carpenter, beside her, with a pencil behind his ear, and his rule sticking out of the pocket of his jacket.

She could not very well resent the act as impertinent, for it was not impertinently done, and the face of the handsome young workman was grave, if not actually solemn.

She gave one look at him, and then, biting her lip for fear she should smile, she walked on in dignified silence.

Presently—could she believe her ears?—he began to whistle! But at the end of a few bars he stopped short, touched his cap, and said respectfully—

"Beg pardon, Miss, I'm sure."

Much Isabel hated to be called "Miss," but somehow she felt that she could not correct the man.

"Where do you live?" she said, abruptly.

The silence was becoming unbearable.

"Down in Oakshott village, Miss," was the answer, with another touch of the cap.

"You need not do that every time you speak to me," she said, sharply. "I do not like it."

"Beg pardon, Miss, I'm sure. I thought I were doing right."

"You did not do it up at the house just now," she rejoined, in the same sharp tone; "and, if it is right now, it was right then."

"Certainly it were, Miss; but, what with the paper and the pencil, my hands were full."

"Well, don't do it any more."

"No, Miss," was the submissive answer.

It was really very aggravating. The Miles who carried the camp-stool and the Miles who laid down the law about the plans for the new building were apparently two totally different men.

And the law had been laid down in much better language; that was a very curious fact.

Isabel said to herself that she disliked the man under both aspects; but for all that she was very much interested, especially in the man who carried the stool.

"And you live in the village?" she said again. "Have you a house?"

"No, Miss. Two rooms."

"And a workshop, I suppose?"

"Yes, Miss—a little workshop at the back."

"And is the person who keeps the house a tenant of mine, or of Mr. Devonport's?"

"Of his, Miss. I don't think as how you have much property in the village, Miss."

"Oh, yes, I have."

The incongruity between his grammar and his appearance was very striking. She wished she could correct him, but it was a delicate thing to attempt.

"Mr. Devonport has not been here since he came of age, has he?" was her next remark.

"No, Miss. You see as how the house has been let; and now that it is empty we hear tell in the village he has to go abroad to see his sister, I think it is, who is very ill. I heard the name of the place he went to, but it has slipped my memory."

"There must be some mistake in that report," Miss Heriot said. "He has no sister. When I lived here as a little girl, he was a little boy—an only child. I used to know him."

"Played together, most like, Miss?" said Miles.

Miss Heriot made no reply; it was not the carpenter's business to inquire with whom she had played as a child.

"They do say as how he ought to come home and marry, and live on his property," Miles went on presently. "I am not much of a politician myself," and the young man pushed his cap to the back of his head, "but I can't help thinking that gents as has property owes a duty to them as depends on them—workpeople and the like. Ladies too; it's all one who has the money."

"And do you think women ought to have votes?" Isabel asked.

She felt that she was doing her duty as a landed proprietor by getting at the opinion of a genuine working man.

"Well, Miss, it be a difficult question, that be," and Miles took his cap right off now, scratched his head, and tumbled his thick curling hair about into a picturesque tangle. "I'd like" (he said "loike") "my woman, if it pleased Providence I were married, to bide at home with I."

As he spoke, Miles turned and looked at the young lady with a frankly admiring, but not impertinent, gaze.

How handsome his eyes were! Isabel met them for a moment with her own; then she turned away.

They were within sight of the cottage, and Helen, with Miss Jacquette on her arm, was coming to meet them. Miss Heriot took the stool from her companion; he touched his cap, and, turning away, struck across the Park towards the village.

"Helen tells me," said Miss Jacky, as she put up her glasses and looked after him, "that is Miles, the carpenter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE following morning, before the ladies were up, Miles was busy at the trellis-work Isabel had ordered; and when Miss Heriot and her friend went on the lawn to give the pet dogs a run, they saw the young man seated beside his tools eating his breakfast.

"I wonder what he has?" said Isabel. "It must be cold."

"He has a chair out of the drawing-room to sit upon," said Miss Chesney, "and one of your books to amuse him. I know the cover."

"He is very welcome, if he likes it. I shall send him some hot coffee presently," said Isabel.

"I think you had better not," said Helen; but the coffee was sent.

When however Miles appeared at the open French window of the dining-room with the empty cup in his hand, and stood as if waiting for orders, Miss Heriot felt inclined to wish she had taken the advice of her friend.

She could not get up to take the cup from him, so she was obliged to tell him to come in and put it on the sideboard.

This he did without any show of embarrassment. He touched his forehead, as he was bareheaded, and said:

"Thank you kindly, Miss. The coffee was very good."

And then he departed as he came, by the window.

"It is satisfactory to know that the British workman approves of your coffee," said Helen, laughing. "And did you see the longing look he threw at the *Times*? I thought he was going to ask for it."

"We might lend it to him to read in the evenings," said Isabel. "I am sure we do not want it. I simply take it in because I believe it is the right thing to do."

"Had you not better lend him a horse to ride in the afternoon?" suggested Miss Chesney, satirically. "My dear Isabel, you will ruin the man! He will get all sorts of fancies into his head, and the end of it will be that you will be obliged to send him away."

"That would be unfortunate for—us. He is the only really good-looking man I have seen since I grew up," said Isabel, with very saucy defiance. "Now, my dear Nellie, you must admit that he is very handsome."

"His looks have nothing to do with the matter; he has to earn his bread, and you will do him more harm than good by taking too much notice of him."

"Hark!" cried Isabel. "Who is that singing? Not the carpenter, surely? What a lovely voice!"

"I call him very impertinent to make that noise in your house," said Helen, angrily. "Come into the drawing-room, and that will stop him."

And, accordingly, the moment the door was opened; the sound of the carpenter's plane as he prepared the wood for the trellis-work was the only sound they heard.

"Let us see how he is getting on," cried Isabel.

Helen said it would disturb him to be looked at, so the two girls sat down and began to chat over their work. The noise of the carpenter's plane went on, but they paid no attention to it; it was monotonous, but not disturbing.

"Mr. Devonport has not been to Oakshott, I hear, since he came of age," Isabel said presently. "I asked Miles yesterday. The house has been let, it seems. I think it is very wrong of him to neglect his property in that way."

"Should you not like to tell him so? Perhaps, if he knew you took sufficient interest in him to be angry, he would make haste to be a model land lord."

"But I do not take the slightest interest in him; and of course, if he took an interest in me, he would have contrived, somehow, to get an introduction to me."

"I suppose he would, and yet I think he must be a little curious to know what you are like. I believe in your heart you are piqued because he keeps out of your way. But, depend upon it, he has heard what you said of him, and is piqued in his turn; in fact, I know he is."

"You know—what do you know?"

"I was told that he said he would never marry Miss Heriot, unless she proposed to him; and that of course was tantamount to an assertion that he would marry you at all."

"What impertinence! I think I should like to meet him, just to punish him."

"If you please, Miss" (Miles, the carpenter appeared at the window), "could you step this way for a minute? I want to know if you wish the trellis-work open or close."

"Come, Helen, this is a knotty point;" and Isabel jumped up and went out, followed by Miss Chesney.

As soon as the question was settled, Miles took up his tools again; but before he could set to work, Miss Heriot suddenly addressed him with—

"I wish you would not talk such bad grammar, Miles; it distresses me."

"Distresses you, Miss? I am sure I be very sorry."

"There it is again," and she stamped her foot impatiently. "Say, I am very sorry, not I be; and do not call me Miss, please."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure—Miss; but, as you was neither married nor a widow, I thought 'Miss' was right."

"You must say, 'Ma'am' or 'Madam;' and do notice how Miss Chesney, and I, and Dr. Thorn talk, and imitate us. I am sure you are not stupid."

"Thank you, Miss—Ma'am—for saying so. And, if I may be so bold, Ma'am, I think I could talk a little better, Miss—I mean Madam—if I tried. I got good marks at school for grammar; but when I come to live among chaps who don't make no account of what they says, I fall into their ways, Ma'am, for fear of being thought proud."

"I wish you would give up your ways now, then," said Isabel.

"So I will, Madam, and I am much obliged to you for taking pains in correcting me."

The girls glanced at one another in surprise. The very tone of the man's voice had suddenly changed.

The rough, guttural accent had almost entirely vanished, and the "I am much obliged to you for taking pains in correcting me" might have been spoken by the most cultured young gentleman in the land.

And, with a few lapses into uncouth pronunciation, the miraculous alteration which had taken place at the imperious command of Isabel continued from day to day.

Miss Chesney was extremely puzzled. Miss Heriot was impressed and pleased. She loved to exercise her power.

On the first Sunday the ladies spent at Deepmere nothing was seen of Miles. On the second he appeared at the village church; and he looked so handsome and so like a gentleman in his Sunday clothes that Helen Chesney not only excused Isabel for the look of surprise and—well, she supposed it was pleasure—she saw in her face as the young fellow walked up the church with well-fitting gloves on, and a bunch of violets in his coat, but she even responded to the furtive little bow bestowed upon her by her friend.

Miss Heriot's pony carriage was waiting at the gate when the congregation came out of church. The young workman, who had already passed out into the road, stood bareheaded to let the two young ladies from Deepmere pass.

Then, just as she put her foot on the step of the carriage, Helen found herself helped into her seat. The same polite attention was bestowed on Isabel.

And then what happened? With half the village of Oakshott looking on, Miss Heriot had shaken hands with Miles, the carpenter!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WIVES IN ANCIENT ROME.—In the early ages of Roman history there is reason to believe that the Roman wife was completely under the control of her husband. The Roman idea of a family made the father a despot, with power of life and death over his children, who could do nothing without his consent. This was the case in regard to male children, even after they had reached a considerable age. Women, according to the opinion of the early Romans, were always children. They required protection and guidance during their whole life, and could never be freed from despotic control. Accordingly, when a Roman girl married, she had to choose whether she would remain under the control of her father or pass into the control of, as it was called, into the hands of her husband. It is likely that in the early ages of the city she always passed from the power of her father into the hands of her husband, and the position she occupied was that of daughter to her husband. She thus became entirely subject to him, and was at his mercy. Roman history supplies many instances of the despotism which husbands exercised over their wives. The slightest indiscretion was sometimes punished by death, while men might do what they liked without let or hindrance. "If you were to catch your wife," was the law laid down by Cato the Censor, "in an act of infidelity you could kill her with impunity without a trial; but if she were to catch you she would not venture to touch you with her finger, and, indeed, she has no right." Wives were prohibited from tasting wine at the risk of the severest penalties. The conduct of Egnatius was praised, who, surprising his wife in the act of sipping the forbidden liquid, beat her to death. The same sternness appears in the reasons which induced some of the Romans to dismiss their wives. Sulpicius dismissed his because she appeared in the streets without a veil; Antistius Vetus dismissed his because he saw her speaking secretly to a freedwoman in public, and P. Sempronius Sophus sent his away because she ventured to go to the public games without first informing him of her movements.

Scientific and Useful.

TELEGRAPH POLES.—Telegraph poles are preserved in Norway by making an auger hole about two feet from the ground, in which four or five ounces of sulphate of copper in coarse crystals are placed and plugged in. The chemical is gradually absorbed by the wood until its whole outer surface turns to a greenish hue. The sulphate requires an occasional renewal, and is said to be a perfect preservative.

WITHOUT SOAP.—A laundryman in the vicinity of Paris has discovered a very ingenious method of cleaning linen without soap. He uses no soap, nor lye, nor chlorine, but replaces these substances by boiled potatoes, with which he rubs the linen. This curious process, it appears, is much superior to those hitherto employed, and the worst soiled linen, cotton or silk, cleaned by this method are made whiter than they could be by the use of an alkali.

ARTIFICIAL SILK.—Artificial silk is the latest discovery, and, judging from the details of it that are to hand, it seems likely that the silkworm's occupation will soon be gone, and that he may retire to his cocoon and lament his loss of importance in silence. The new material is made, we are told, from a kind of collodion, to which has been added perchloride of iron and tannic acid. The process of manufacture is somewhat complicated, but the result seems to be all that can be desired in the way of providing a substance practically equal to good silk.

DRY HOUSE TEST.—The following is a very good test of the dryness of a house: Weigh a small quantity of fresh lime, and place it in a dish in the centre of the room to be tested. Then close the windows and doors and leave it for twenty-four hours. At the expiration of that time weigh the lime again, and, if the increase of weight exceeds one per cent. on the original weight the room would be dangerous to inhabit. It is perhaps needless to add that the experiment would be vitiated by damp or foggy weather.

LEMON JUICE.—An experienced and highly respected physician gave me a valuable hint the other day which others may find as useful as I did. "I am convinced," said he, "not only from practical personal experience but on theoretically scientific grounds also, that a safeguard against much prevalent summer illness lies in the free use of lemon juice. Citric acid helps to supply the place of the fluids which are unduly dissipated through the pores of the skin in hot weather. Eat plenty of lemons and you can stand the heat infinitely better than those who do not make use of the fruit with which nature has supplied tropical countries."

Farm and Garden.

THE PIGS.—The pigs will be most thrifty if kept in clean, dry and well littered pens, but will make more weight if they have a run on a clover lot.

FISH PONDS.—A carp pond need not be over five or six feet deep in the centre, gradually sloping up to the edges. The carp need warm, shoal water for spawning, and deep water below freezing for life through the winter.

POULTRY.—A light ration of meal is still beneficial to fowls confined in yards since they cannot pick up the usual supply of bugs and worms. Soda, cut grass and garden vegetables will all be utilized if thrown into the yards.

FRUIT.—Fruit that is to be shipped any considerable distance to market should be picked before it is quite fully ripe. If well ripened there is considerable danger that it will become too ripe and be seriously damaged when ready to place upon the market. Regard should, of course, be had to the distance the fruit will go and the time required.

YOUNG TREES.—It will cost but little to keep the surface of the ground around young trees well sprinkled with fine lime. Many insects will avoid the lime, and on some soils the lime will prove beneficial. An excellent mixture for such purposes is two parts wood ashes, one part lime, and one part coarse salt. Only a small quantity need be used at each application.

THE SOIL.—One advantage in keeping the soil loose is that when a shower comes, no matter how hard, the water does not run off, but goes down into the soil, whereas if the surface of the soil be hard some of the water will run off during a heavy shower. Hence cultivation not only protects the plants during a dry season but enables the soil to absorb a larger proportion of water when rain falls.

MEADOWS.—As a rule meadows should be cut reasonably early, not later than when the seed begins to form. Early cutting aids to thicken up, while allowing the plant to mature seeds increases the loss, especially if the weather should keep hot and dry. Thin or vacant places can be thickened up by raking or harrowing so as to loosen up the soil, and then sow plenty of good seed, either in the fall or spring.

SWINE.—The most successful swine-breeders never let the pigs stop growing until they are ready for market. Whenever pigs come to a standstill, then all the food given them is so much lost, as there is nothing to show for it. A good thrifty pig may be made to gain a pound a day until he is ten months old, when he is of the right age and weight to sell, and should show a good profit for the food consumed

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Wearing Out.

It is becoming more and more common every day to hear complaints from people that they feel they are beginning to wear out. Once this expression was thought natural enough in those who had gone far down the hill of life, for with them it was only in the course of time and physical conditions; but now that it often drops from the lips of the still young and apparently vigorous, it hints at some strange and unusual cause in our day and civilization.

And this is not very hard to find. The cause, or condition, which most commonly exposes the reserve of mental energy to loss and injury is worry. The tone and strength of mind are seriously impaired by its wearing influence, and, if it continue long enough, they will be destroyed.

It sets the organism of thought and feeling vibrating with emotions which are not consonant with the natural liberation of energy in work.

The whole machinery is thrown out of gear, and exercise, which would otherwise be pleasurable and innocuous, becomes painful and even destructive.

It is easy to see how this must be. The longest note in music, the most steady and persistent ray of light—to use an old fashioned expression—the tonic muscular contraction, are all, we know, produced by a rapid succession of minute motive impulses or acts, like the explosion and discharge of electricity from alternately connected and separated points in a circuit; in fact, a series of vibrations.

Mental energy doubtless takes the same form of development. If a disturbing element is introduced by the obtrusion of some independent source of anxiety, or if, out of the business in hand, the mind makes a discord, confusion ensues, and, for the time being, harmonious action ceases.

Working under these conditions in obedience to the will, the mental organism sustains injury which must be great and may be lasting.

The function of the warning sense is suspended; the reserve is no longer a stock in abeyance, and it ceases to give stability to the mind; the rhythm of the mental forces is interrupted; a crash is always impending, and too often sudden collapse occurs.

The point to be made clear is this: Overwork is barely possible, and seldom, if ever, happens, while the mind is acting in the way prescribed by its constitution, and in the normal modes of mental exercise. The moment, however, the natural rhythm of work is broken and discord ensues, the mind is like an engine with the safety valve locked, the steam gauge falsified, the governing apparatus out of gear; a break down may occur at any instant.

The state pictured is one of worry, and the besetting peril is not pictured in too lurid colors. The victim of worry is ever on the verge of a catastrophe. If he escape, the marvel is not at his strength of intellect so much as at his great good fortune.

Worry is disorder, however induced, and disorderly work is abhorred by the laws of nature, which leave it wholly without remedy.

The energy employed in industry carried on under this condition is lavished in producing a small result and speedily exhausted. The reserve comes into play very early in the task, and the faculty of recuperation is speedily arrested.

Sometimes loss of appetite announces the cessation of nutrition; otherwise the sense of hunger present in the system is for a time preternaturally acute, and marks the fact that the demand is occasioned by loss of power to appropriate, instead of any diminution of supply.

The effort to work becomes daily more laborious, the task of fixing the attention grows increasingly difficult, thoughts wander, memory fails, the reasoning power is enfeebled; prejudice—the shade of defunct emotion, of some past persuasion—takes the place of judgment; physical, nerve or brain disturbances may supervene, and the crash will then come suddenly, unexpected by onlookers, perhaps unperceived by the sufferer himself.

This is the history of "worry" or disorder produced by mental disquietude and distraction, occasionally by physical disease.

The first practical inference to be deduced from these considerations is that brain work in the midst of mental worry is carried on in the face of ceaseless peril. Unfortunately, work and worry are so closely connected in daily experience that they cannot be wholly separated.

Meanwhile, the worry of work—that which grows out of the business in hand—is generally a needless, though not always an avoidable evil.

In a large proportion of instances this description of disorder is due to the lack of education in brain work.

He who must needs have company must needs have sometimes bad company. Be able to be alone; lose not the advantage of solitude and the society of thyself; nor be only content but delight to be alone and single with Omnipotency. He who is thus prepared, the day is not uneasy, nor the night black unto him. Darkness may bound his eyes, not his imagination. In his bed he may lie, like Pompey and his sons, in all quarters of the earth; may speculate the universe, and enjoy the whole world in the hermitage of himself.

Consider, for example, and you will find that almost all the transactions in the time of Vespasian differed little from those of the present day. You there find marrying and giving in marriage, educating children, sickness, death, war, joyous holidays, traffic, agriculture, flatterers, insolent pride, suspicions, laying of plots, longing for the death of others, newsmongers, lovers, misers, men canvassing for the consulship and for the kingdom; yet all these passed away, and are nowhere.

We must not love virtue for the bare sake of reputation and human esteem. To do good, purely to be gazed at and talked of and applauded, this was the character of the Pharisees, whose vices were real and whose virtues were imaginary; but had their virtues been as real as their vices, this poor view and narrow purpose would have spoilt them all; and they could only expect their reward where they sought it, that is, from men.

Life in itself is neither good nor evil, it is the scene of good or evil, as you make it; and, if you have lived a day, you have seen all; one day is equal and like to all other days; there is no other light, no other shade; this very sun, this moon, these very stars, this very order and revolution of things, is the same your ancestors enjoyed, and that shall also entertain your posterity.

It is impossible to live pleasurably without living prudently, and honorably, and justly; or to live prudently, and honorably, and justly without living pleasurably.

What is it to make the best of things? It is to rob life of half its cares and to double its pleasures, to increase its brightness both for ourselves and others; it is to see the light shining through the cloud where others see only blackness; and, finally, it is to make this workaday world a garden of delight instead of a place of weariness, and life a thing to be enjoyed instead of simply endured.

Sorrows, because they are lingering guests, I will entertain but moderately, knowing that the more they are made of the longer they will continue; and for pleasures, because they stay not, and do but call to drink at my door, I will use them as passengers with slight respect. He is his own best friend that makes least of both of them.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; while the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

In the condition of men it frequently happens that grief and anxiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity; and the gloom of calamity is cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature, the bog is sometimes covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self love of some men inclines them to please others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice.

The eye observes only what the mind, the heart and the imagination are gifted to see; and sight must be reinforced by insight before souls can be discerned as well as manners, ideas as well as objects, realities and relations as well as appearances and accidental connections.

Liberty is not idleness, it is an unconstrained use of time; it is the choice of work and of exercise. To be free, in a word, is not to be doing nothing; it is to be one's own master as to what one ought to do or not to do. What a blessing in this sense is liberty!

There is no virtue which does not rejoice in a well-descended nature; there is a kind of I know not what congratulation in well-doing, that gives us an inward satisfaction, and a certain generous boldness that accompanies a good conscience.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next. "Future ages shall talk of this; they shall be famous to all posterity"; whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things as ours are now.

In all worldly things that a man pursues with the greatest eagerness and intention of mind imaginable, he finds not half the pleasure in the actual possession of them as he proposed to himself in the expectation.

Pleasure and pain, though directly opposite, are yet so contrived by nature as to be constant companions; and it is a fact that the same motions and muscles of the face are employed both in laughing and crying.

Content not thyself that thou art virtuous in the general; for one link being wanting, the chain is defective. Perhaps thou art rather innocent than virtuous, and owest more to thy constitution than to thy religion.

How would you be if He, which is the top of judgment, should but judge you as you are? O, think on that, and mercy then will breathe within your lips like man new made.

Many new years you may see, but happy ones you cannot see without deserving them. These virtue, honor and knowledge alone can merit, alone can produce.

The World's Happenings.

The fleece of a Michigan ram weighed 25 pounds.

An elephant is said to drink 80 gallons of water a day.

The army of the United States numbers less than 30,000 men.

The other day the Coroner of New York held 40 inquests in two hours.

An Italian beggar arrested in New York confessed he had not washed himself for fifteen years.

Water that has been held in a lead pipe all night should be allowed to run freely before any is taken for use.

The largest flour mill in the world will be established at Duluth, Minn. The capacity will be 6,000 barrels per day.

"Seven Buckets of Blood, or the Orphan Hack Driver's Revenge," is the name of a new story sold to boys for a nickel.

There is a patent car now coming into use for the transportation of live poultry. It is a parlor, dining-room and sleeper combination.

Medical doctors in Hudson county, N. J., are moving towards forming an organization for protection against "professional dead beats."

A barrel of Ohio water was substituted for one of whisky. It traveled 11,000 miles and was kept in a cellar seven years before the fraud was discovered.

A Missouri man had his hired man arrested for stealing his watch. It was soon after found in the stomach of one of his cows which died suddenly.

England is said to have one cow to eight and a half persons, France one cow to three and one-third, and America one cow to one and two-thirds persons.

The foreman of a Chicago printing office received a note the other day reading as follows: "Plese excuse my husban for not coming to work today. He is ded."

There were a double wedding and a double christening in a Cambridge, Mass., family recently. Two daughters were married and two grandchildren christened.

The Marquis of Donegal is an Episcopal clergyman and D. D. He has lately celebrated the 50th anniversary of his birth. The Marchioness is 86. They have been married 67 years.

Before he died Allen McLinn, of Texas, Mich., aged 82 years, a Spiritualist, asked that at his funeral bands be played and dancing and other recreations be enjoyed. His desire was carried out to the letter.

Among the innumerable fish stories on the rounds is one to the effect that an experienced fisherman was pulled overboard and drowned in attempting to land a 250-pound catfish at Jeffersonville, Ind.

Dog pounds do not exist in Savannah. Instead, the canine population is kept in bounds by laying an annual tax of one dollar upon each dog. The plan is found to work much better than the pound system.

Congressmen generally, according to the keeper of the cigar stand in the House corridor, buy two kinds of cigars—10 cent and 5 cent brands. City members buy the best that are to be had. Not a single Congressman smokes cigarettes.

A very ingenious invention in scales is one that gives the weight and calculates the cost of the article weighed at the same time. The scales can be set to give a reply to any question of weight and price, however varied the figures and fractions may be.

A company is being formed in New York to supply opera-glasses to theatre-goers on the drop-a-nickel-in-the-box plan; only the nickel is to be a quarter of a dollar. Three thousand opera-glasses have been ordered in Paris for the preliminary test of the plan.

Chon Ah Pon, a Chinaman who served in the war of the rebellion, and had married three wives in due succession, all Irish girls, died and was given a stylish funeral in Brooklyn the other day. He kept a candy store, and his American name was Charles Marry.

A late invention is a globular rubber tip to go on the points of umbrellas and canes to prevent their improper intrusion into the eyes of human beings. The tips are on the same plan as the rubber guard on a foil. They hurt the appearance of a stick, but on an umbrella they are not so disfiguring.

John Roll, residing at Redmon, Edgal county, Ill., is the owner of the largest horse in the world. It is 20 hands high, weighs 2300 pounds and is 8 years old. This horse was never "broke" and has never been off the farm. It has never been shod, and the blacksmith at Redmon is afraid to shoe him.

Near Eutaw, Ala., an engine struck a cow, almost reducing the poor beast to pulp. In some unaccountable way her tongue, which had been completely severed, got into the locomotive's ash-pan, where it was found cooked later on in the day by the fireman. He and the engineer made a meal of it.

As the annual local consumption in France of brandy is 12 000,000 gallons and the yearly product only 12,000 000 gallons, American lovers of eau de vie are wondering what the stuff is which comes across the Atlantic labeled as French brandy. Scientific experts say that most of it is cheap German spirits, flavored with cunningly devised extracts and cordials.

An enraged bull attacked a funeral procession in Victoria, Australia, recently, paying particular attention to the pall bearers. These he butted around in a way that tore their clothing almost into shreds, and prompted the rest of the party to take refuge behind headstones. Eventually the animal was driven off by the grave digger, when the corpse was buried.

Charles Alter, of Pittsburg, shot a tooth out of an unknown burglar at his house the other day. A few hours later Harry Wallace had his jaw dressed at a hospital, saying that he had been accidentally shot. The physician detained him, fearing lockjaw, and on examination the tooth in Alter's possession was found to fit Wallace's jaw, making a clear case of flat burglary.

YOU, I AND DEATH.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Do you know I could laugh
At the shadow called Death,
If in dying I caught the
Warmth of your breath?

Ah! death would be grand
If you were but by,
To catch the last look
That fell from my eye.

Then close down the lids
And tighten the bands,
And over the dead heart
Cross the tired hands.

The Spirit Photograph.

BY CYRIL BENNETT.

"THIS will do," said Mansell; "let us change here."

He and his companions halted.

Where they now stood the track had widened suddenly; a few paces further on, it abruptly narrowed again.

On their left was a wall of frozen snow; on their right a yawning precipice; beneath their feet, an uneven path of ice. It was a somewhat dangerous situation, and the foremost of the party, a trusted Swiss guide, showed signs of uneasiness.

This was Mansell's first experience of the Himalayas, but he was a practiced Alpine climber, and his former training stood him in good stead. It was he who first saw the advisability of making a change in their order of progression.

"You go in front," he said to a native who accompanied them, and who had frequently acted as guide to similar expeditions; "I will bring up the rear."

This arrangement had already been agreed to by the remaining members of the party, two athletic young Englishmen, evidently brothers. The elder was a Captain in the army, who had for some time past been engaged in making explorations in the Himalayas with the aid of a few natives.

The majority of these were timorous, and useful only as guides over the mountain passes; but the man who was now appointed leader had ascended to considerable heights with more than one adventurous explorer, and was said to know every inch of the ground which they were then traversing.

The party soon moved on with renewed confidence, the Swiss guide, however, still manifesting dissatisfaction, and questioning whether they had been conducted by the easiest road.

He came next in order to the native guide; behind him were the brothers; Mansell came last. All were roped together.

"Confound that fellow Wilhelm!" muttered Mansell. "If he gets in a panic he may slip and give us trouble."

"I can't think what's the matter with him," said the younger of the brothers. "Dick imported him from Switzerland on purpose for this sort of work, and he's never played the fool before. He seems to think our brown friend has mistaken the way, but that's not likely. He was up here with Fitzmaurice a short time ago."

"There's a stiff bit coming," observed the Captain.

"Pretty well," said Mansell cheerfully, "but I have done far worse. I dare say Wilhelm will settle down all right now that he has got mischief in front of him and can see that he is up to no tricks. He hates a native as I do a black beetle. He said this specimen had a shifty eye, but so they all have, the rascals, and one must take some one that knows the ground."

Their way now grew steeper and more difficult, and conversation ceased. For a time, however, all went well.

Suddenly Mansell, who had continually glanced ahead anxiously whenever he could safely take his eyes off the slippery path, was possessed by a fear which he dared not communicate to his companions. It was doubtless aroused by his detecting a suspicious movement on the part of the leader.

"We shall be over the worst of this bit in a minute," he said to himself by way of consolation; "and then I'll either go in front myself, or we'll consider if it's wise to go further."

So saying, he drew a sharp knife from his belt and placed it between his teeth. He scarcely knew what he intended to do with it in an emergency; for an instant he thought of passing it on to the Captain, who was unprovided in that respect, thus giving him the means of separating himself and his companions from the guides, in case some accident or treachery should endanger the lives of the whole party. In the face of great peril all kinds of suspicions pass rapidly through the mind, and are, perhaps, as readily rejected.

It even occurred to Mansell that the two guides might be in league against them, the Swiss guide's nervousness being merely assumed for the occasion. Again, he reflected that he was probably alarming himself unreasonably, and he once more observed with satisfaction that the most difficult portion of the narrow ice path was almost passed.

A moment later the Swiss guide slipped, recovered himself, slipped again with a terrible cry, and fell backwards. It was evident to Mansell that his worst fears were realized. The leader had cut the rope!

With a full recognition of the horror of his position, Mansell's thoughts darted with the swiftness of a lightning-flash to his wife and child in England; then he cried to his companions to stand firm. He even began to call to the man next him to cut the rope in front of him, so as to leave them linked only in couples.

He might be able to save one of his friends, though he knew he was powerless to support three men.

It was too late. The brothers had lost their presence of mind, but it would have availed them little at this crisis.

Wilhelm had fallen against the Captain, and Mansell saw that all three had fallen back upon himself.

He knew that he was powerless to resist their weight, and believed that, whether bound to him or not, they must inevitably hurl him down the yawning abyss. One only chance remained to him of saving his own life, and that was indeed a slender one. With a rapid, desperate effort he severed the rope.

Some hours later the native guide returned to the encampment which the party had started from in the morning, bearing the news of a terrible accident. According to him, his own life had been preserved by a miracle.

The Swiss guide had slipped on the ice, whereupon the rope had broken between them, and all the party except himself had been hurled down the precipice and killed instantly.

Having imparted this information, he disappeared, perhaps because he found himself regarded with manifest distrust.

The utmost horror was excited by his report, and an expedition was organized to discover the bodies of the unfortunate men who had met with so dreadful a fate. The two brothers and the Swiss guide were subsequently found dead at the foot of the gorge, there being neither money nor watches left upon the bodies.

Mansell was searched for in vain, but doubtless his body had been cast into some inaccessible cleft or crevice.

* * * * * *

Fanny Mansell resided in a pretty red-brick house, surrounded by green lawns and shady trees, within five miles of the manufacturing town of Druffield.

Her husband had, on his marriage, supplied his father's place in the celebrated firm of Mansell and Haddon at Druffield; but, being unaccustomed to confinement in an office in a large town, his health after a time began to suffer, and his medical attendant advised change of air and scene. Mansell had been about to send a representative of the firm to visit a branch House in India.

This task he now determined to take upon himself. The whole trip need occupy but three months, and the sea voyage might be expected to benefit him permanently.

Fanny offered no opposition to the plan, but consented to remain at home with their little daughter, Muriel.

The journey was performed in safety, the object of Mansell's visit to India was accomplished, and he was about to start on his homeward voyage, when he fell in with an old friend who was on his way to join a brother then engaged in making explorations in the Himalayas.

Mansell's love of mountain climbing returned so strongly on receiving this intelligence, that he was easily induced to form one of the party.

The brothers, wishing to attempt a higher ascent than any they had yet accomplished, were glad enough to have the aid of an experienced Alpine climber.

The disastrous result of the expedition was a fearful blow to Fanny. She had few friends to look to for help and comfort.

Fortunately she was rich enough to continue to live in the redbrick house, and the first shock over, she found some solace in devoting herself to the care of her child.

A few months later an event came to pass which brought fresh interests and occupations into her life.

Lord Undercroft returned from a long course of foreign travel and took up his abode at Undercroft Manor; a fine old mansion standing in a large park, the principal gates of which were within a stone's throw of the red-brick house.

He was not only a polished man of the world, but he was also something of an artist and an amateur photographer.

Moreover, he was rich, good-looking, and unmarried. Soon after his arrival at Undercroft he learnt the tragic story of Mansell's death, and shared in the general sympathy felt for Fanny in her sorrow. One day he caught a glimpse of the pretty gables of the red-brick house, and seized with a happy inspiration, requested that he might be permitted to photograph the house and grounds.

Needless to say, the permission was at once accorded him.

In that sunless climate, the accomplishment of this feat necessitated several visits. Fanny felt bound to offer luncheon to the enthusiastic photographer.

He, on his part, could do no less than show her the pictures when they were finished, and request that she and little Muriel would avail themselves of the extensive grounds at Undercroft whenever they were so disposed.

Thus an intimacy speedily sprang up between them. Fanny also invested in a camera.

A small out-house adjoining the conservatory was turned into a dark room, and Lord Undercroft gave her lessons in the art of photography.

Yet Fanny was never left alone without her past happiness rising again before her, causing her to realize anew how great had been her loss.

She recalled her husband's bright, handsome face, and tall, manly form. She loved to trace some resemblance to him in the little Muriel.

She constantly regretted that she possessed no portrait of him with which to refresh her memory. Never had she succeeded in prevailing upon him to have his likeness taken.

In reply to her entreaties he would tell her laughingly that he had once been photographed when a boy, but that the performance was too similar to a visit to the dentist to be repeated.

So even that small consolation was denied to her.

One morning she and Lord Undercroft were seated in her pretty little drawing-room, looking at some so-called spirit photographs which he had brought for her inspection. They had been sent to him by a believer in Spiritualism who was eager for his conversion.

"Who took them?" demanded Fanny, with much curiosity.

"An ardent spiritualist who finds the trade lucrative," replied Lord Undercroft. "His theory is that we are constantly surrounded by spirits, invisible to the naked eye, yet sufficiently substantial to affect the highly sensitized photographic plate. The photographer, presumably, is a medium, whose influence brings the shadowy visitant at the right moment. The bereaved sitter then sees in the completed picture the spirit whose presence he was unconscious of when the likeness was being taken, and sometimes even recognizes the face as that of a deceased relation or friend."

"You don't believe in them, do you?" asked Fanny.

"No more than I do in flying pigs," he replied with a little laugh. "I dare say they are easy enough to manufacture. We will have a try one day if you like. I have often obtained very funny results by taking two pictures one over the other on the same plate."

"But you say that the sitters sometimes recognize the spirit as that of a dead relative," said Fanny, taking up the photograph of a sad-looking man seated in an armchair over the back of which leaned a white form. "One cannot see much of this spirit's face at any rate."

"No; I suspect the sitter makes up his mind that he is going to see the shade of some particular defunct individual, and then he recognizes the apparition, no matter whether it it recognizable or not. However, it may be possible to produce even the required resemblance in the spirit by making use of a likeness of the deceased person. I am not experienced enough to judge. I suppose you have not taken the house for me yet? You would have light enough this afternoon. But mind, this attempt is to be made all by yourself."

"I must wait till you are gone, then, or you will not be able to refrain from giving me hints," replied Fanny.

She was still young and pretty, and mourning suited her well. Lord Undercroft had noticed this very often of late.

"Poor old red-brick house!" she continued with a sigh. "It is not such a bright, happy place as it used to be."

"It is only for you," said Lord Undercroft sympathetically.

He had risen to bid her farewell, and had already taken her hand in his.

"There is another house waiting to welcome you," he went on tremulously. "If I only dared hope——"

"Oh no!" cried Fanny in alarm. And then there came a great temptation.

The red-brick house had indeed been lonely; Lord Undercroft's society had been very pleasant.

If she refused him, their intimacy must be interrupted. She and Muriel could no longer wander at will in the lovely grounds of Undercroft; there would be an end to her photography lessons; the old dreary existence must again be hers.

"Is that your answer?" asked Lord Undercroft, almost reproachfully. "There is love and happiness waiting for you, if you would but tell me——"

"Not now, not now!" cried Fanny despairingly. "Come again to-morrow. I will tell you then."

* * * * * *

When Lord Undercroft was gone, Fanny felt frightened and miserable. She feared she had done very wrong in encouraging his visits in the first instance. This catastrophe had been quite unexpected.

Then it occurred to her that in telling him to come again on the morrow to receive her answer, she had unintentionally led him to believe that she meant to accept him.

But, strong as had been the momentary temptation to do so, impossible as she had found it to pronounce a definite refusal, much as she dreaded the blank in her life which would be occasioned by the loss of his friendship, she no sooner had leisure for reflection than she felt that her love for her husband was as great as ever, and that no one could supply his place.

At any cost, Lord Undercroft's offer must be refused. She bitterly repented her weakness in delaying the evil moment. That afternoon she would write him a note, telling him that his hopes were vain.

At luncheon Fanny roused herself to listen to Muriel's chatter. Then she sent the child out with her nurse, and determined to try and banish her wretchedness for an hour or two by devoting herself to photography while the sun was still bright.

Before writing her note she would take the picture of the house which she had promised to Lord Undercroft.

He might decline to accept it now; nevertheless, she would fulfil her promise.

So she went through the conservatory into the little out-house that served her for a dark room, closed the door, and drew a red curtain over it to keep out every crack of light.

The only remaining light in the place came through a red blind fastened over the little window.

"I must have a bolt on this door," she said to herself, remembering that on the previous day Saunders, the man-servant, had come in to announce a visitor while she was engaged in developing a photograph, which, as she had informed him, was consequently completely spoilt.

Then she recalled the events of the morning, and her heart misgave her. Perhaps she would never care to take another picture.

Having inserted two plates in her dark slide and armed herself with all the necessary paraphernalia for her task, she once more passed through the conservatory, where she saw Saunders pulling up the blind of one of the drawing-room windows.

"Saunders!" she said, "I am going into the garden to take a photograph, and then I shall finish it in my dark room. Mind you don't come in this time while I am there. If you want anything, call through the door."

"Very good, mum," said Saunders respectfully.

Saunders had been in the service of Mansell's father and was loyal devoted to the family.

He had ideas of his own concerning Lord Undercroft's frequent visits to his young mistress, and nourished an antagonistic feeling towards the camera.

Fanny proceeded to the garden, and placed the offending apparatus on the lawn in front of the house.

As she stood facing the old gabled building, the sun was behind her, but a little to her right; close to her, on her left, was a clump of rhododendrons. She gave her

whole attention to her work, quite as much for the purpose of driving away melancholy thoughts as of taking a creditable photograph unaided.

Having mounted the camera on the stand, and having gone through the process of focussing, she carefully pushed in the dark slide.

"Now," she thought, "I must be very careful to give the right exposure. I should think two seconds would be enough, as the sun is so strong."

She drew forth her watch, which marked the seconds, and took her picture. That done, she debated whether, after all, the exposure had been sufficient.

She had one more plate with her. Perhaps it would be wiser to take the same view once more, allowing three seconds instead of two.

Thereupon she drew out the dark slide, reversed it and replaced it. She now turned round to note the position of the sun, and stood between the camera and the rhododendron bush, this time with her back to the house.

She then again consulted her watch, and reaching out her left hand, she removed the cap without looking at it. Having counted fully three seconds, she put on the cap, replaced her watch, and removed the dark slide from the camera.

"One of these pictures ought to be successful, at any rate," she said to herself, as she gathered her things together and returned to the out-house to develop the negative.

The first plate proved to be a trifle under-exposed.

Her hopes were now centred on the second plate. She put it in the tray, poured the solution over it, and watched the result with considerable anxiety.

Lord Undercroft and his offer were, for the time being, completely forgotten.

Gradually the plate darkened. The outline of the house became distinguishable. But what was this dark patch appearing in the centre of the house and in the foreground?

Could the plate have been fogged? She had taken great pains to pour the solution over it evenly, and the edges of the picture were clear and well defined.

She felt disappointed at her failure, after all her care. So long as the plate was in the solution, it was not easy to ascertain what had happened to it; but when she took it out, she dipped it in water and then held it up so that the red light from the window shone through it.

Great Heavens! What was this?

For an instant Fanny stood motionless as a statue, staring at the negative. The blood in her veins seemed turned to ice; her breath came fast; her brain reeled. The outline of the house formed a frame round a portrait. She was gazing at her husband's face.

She made one desperate effort at recovering herself. This must be some practical joke of Lord Undercroft's.

He had tampered with the plate. But no! There was no likeness of her husband in existence, and even had it been possible, no one would choose such a subject as this for a practical joke.

Besides, the portrait appeared in front of the house and was quite distinct and clear. It could not have been on the plate when she took her picture, that was certain.

No! She had sinned. She had been unfaithful to the memory of her husband. She had dared for one moment to entertain Lord Undercroft's offer.

This was a judgment on her for her wickedness. Heaven help her.

Overcome with remorse and terror, she uttered a piercing shriek, turned faint, and dropped the plate, which fell to the ground and was broken into fragments.

Then she lost consciousness.

* * * * * *

When Fanny came to herself she was lying on the drawing-room sofa. Her husband was bathing her forehead.

Saunders was assisting him, and the first words she became dimly conscious of were in his voice.

"It's too bad of you, master," he was saying. "A shock like that was worse than your showing yourself would have been. It must have seemed like a miracle," he added, with a mixture of reproach and reverence in his voice, as if he were speaking of something sacred.

"Well, I didn't mean to frighten her," replied Mansell in a scared, apologetic tone, most unusual with him. "I didn't even know that I should come out on the cursed picture. I wanted to see what she was doing—to get a look at her face without her catching sight of me. It only occurred to me afterwards that I had put my head right in front of that infernal machine. It's all your fault for not going into the out-house when I told you."

"But she'd just said I wasn't to go in for fear of something dreadful happening with those queer things she's got there."

Evidently Saunders had a superstitious awe of the dark room.

"Well," retorted his master, "you could have called to her to come out, you old duffer! and then you could have broken it to her gently."

"There now!" exclaimed the poor old man, greatly injured. "I was all in a tremble with the fright you'd just given me—and there's cook not got over it yet, nor won't for a long time to come. There was you telling me to go into the out-house for fear of something you'd done to the machine, and there was mistress just been telling me not to go in for fear of doing something to the things inside; and I couldn't go and call to her that you'd come back—that would have given her a shock, if you like—and nothing short of that or the house being on fire would have brought her out till she'd have heard cook's screams—and there was you close by, that she might have come upon quite unforeseen; go away now, sir—she's coming to—go away, I tell you!"

But Fanny had heard scraps of this conversation and had recognized her husband's voice.

Go away? Just as he had come back to her?

It had been no miracle—she had not been dreaming—he was really with her. She opened her eyes and gazed up at him. How could Lord Undercroft be for one moment compared to him?

Here was the old love and happiness restored to her. She was in his arms. They would never be parted again!

If Mansell had had any reason for doubting his wife's devotion, he doubted it now no longer.

Such joy as she manifested could not have been simulated. Saunders had discreetly disappeared.

When Fanny had sufficiently recovered, Mansell told his story in reply to her eager questionings.

On coming to himself after the accident he found that he was lying in a miserable hut, far from civilized regions, and tended only by natives.

He was badly bruised, and stricken down by a fever, from which he began slowly to recover after two or three months of severe illness. Whenever he expressed a wish to send some message to his friends apprising them of his condition, he was informed by his attendants that they were unable to do so.

It was only by degrees that he divined their reasons for this prohibition.

When his companions had been hurled headlong over the precipice, Mansell, having separated himself from them by cutting the rope, had been thrown down by the shock of their falling against him and had rolled over the edge in a somewhat different direction.

The surviving guide watched the catastrophe, and saw that Mansell was deposited on a ledge at some distance from the foot of the gorge. Judging from the manner in which he had fallen, it seemed possible that he might be still living.

In that case he might be rescued, and give evidence concerning the cutting of the rope before the culprit should have had time to make his escape.

Murder, apparently, had not been the man's object, though he had been very ready to make sure of his own life and was not above profiting by the catastrophe. Having given notice of the accident, he had, in all probability, persuaded some of the natives to accompany him to the foot of the gorge for the purpose of rifling the bodies, and in exchange for a share in the plunder, had induced them to carry off Mansell.

Fear lest their theft should be discovered would guarantee their keeping him in hiding till the affair had blown over. Being conducted to the scene of the disaster by the native guide, they would naturally accomplish their object long before the arrival of the expedition in search of the bodies, which had no one to direct it to the exact spot.

As soon as Mansell was allowed to leave his place of refuge, he travelled in great haste to the nearest town, where he hoped to be able to despatch a telegraphic message to England.

But this imprudence brought on a return of the fever, and he arrived at his destination in too helpless a condition to fulfil his purpose. Another long illness followed. When he again began to recover, he found himself attended by a young English doctor who had just come from England to establish himself in the town, and who, singularly enough, was in constant correspondence with relations at Druffield. The first time Mansell was strong enough to converse, he disclosed his name to his new friend; whereupon the doctor remarked it as a coincidence that he bore the same name as a Druffield man who had recently lost his life in the Himalayas, and whose widow was now consoling herself with the society of Lord Undercroft.

After this, Mansell refrained from betraying his identity.

He determined to return home with all possible speed, and ascertain for himself what was going on there. The voyage restored him to health, and he actually succeeded in reaching his own door while Fanny was still in ignorance of his being alive.

Little remains to be told. In the hall Mansell encountered Saunders, who was so terrified at the sight of what he took to be a ghost, that some minutes elapsed before his master could convince him of his existence in the flesh and learn from him the whereabouts of his mistress.

At that moment Fanny was on the lawn taking the first of the two photographs. Mansell, in his eagerness to catch a glimpse of her unseen, ran out into the garden through the kitchen, and approached her from behind the clump of rhododendrons just as she had inserted the dark slide for the second time.

His appearance in the kitchen sent the terrified cook into a fit of hysterics, in which she remained for a quarter of an hour, in spite of all efforts to restore her.

It could never be ascertained positively whether Mansell was really so ignorant of the art of photography as to be unaware that he was taking his own likeness when he put his head in front of the camera.

Saunders, remembering the feverish anxiety with which his master had afterwards begged him to violate the sanctity of the dark room, ventured to have his doubts on that point.

His own private opinion was that Mansell had been tempted to take a mischievous revenge on Fanny for the readiness with which she had consoled herself during his absence, and that he had then suddenly repented his rashness and feared lest the consequences should be serious.

The whole affair had several important results.

One was that Mansell solemnly promised his wife to abandon the pursuit of mountain climbing for the future. Another was that he consented to have his photograph taken on the first favorable opportunity.

Moreover, it became known in the neighborhood in the course of a few days that Lord Undercroft had already grown weary of his country residence, and was contemplating starting off immediately on a second foreign tour.

Aunt Sarah.

BY M. T.

HOW well I remember it—the dear old "Brick House." Many years have passed since I saw it last, but it remains as fresh in my memory as when in my youthful days I looked eagerly forward to a visit beneath its roof.

It could boast of nothing pretentious, and was almost hidden from view by a turn in the road; indeed, as Susan Pierce used to say, in particular, "when, a sudden turn, and there it is, looking like nothing so much as an old speckled hen with her wings extended."

And you could fancy the cluck with which it would call its chickens to those sheltering wings!

And then the sweet, old-fashioned garden, with its rows of pinks and sweet-williams, lady-slippers and larkspurs, and the long row of hollyhocks that lined the fence next the road!

In the most remote corner were the beehives, which we always kept at a respectful distance.

The presiding genius of this dear old place was Aunt Sarah Bailey, though aunt she was only by courtesy to me.

But then my two cousins were her nieces, and she was my mother's friend in girlhood. No aunt was ever better loved than she was by me.

One pleasant September we had assembled there—a gay little party of girls—to have, as Susan said, "a pleasant time." The weather would have been perfect if only a little colder, for he wanted to go and gather chestnuts, and Billy said, "It only wanted a little frost to send them rattling down off the trees."

Our visit was drawing to a close, when one morning dawned gloomy and gray. Soon after breakfast rain began to fall, and the wind increased in violence, until, to use Billy's words, "it blew great guns;" and Uncle Ned, coming in from the stable, said, "It was a reg'lar ekernoctial," and such a one as we had not had for many a year.

We had gathered in the sitting-room after our early dinner, and one of the girls had been reading a story, which led to a discussion on self-sacrifice and devotion, each one telling what she would do for a loved object, when Aunt Sarah, who had entered the room while we were talking, and seated herself with knitting-work in hand, suddenly said, "Ah! my dears, I could tell you a story of devotion, and in our own neighborhood, too."

"Oh, Aunt Sarah!" we eagerly exclaimed crowding around her; "just the thing! A story from Aunt Sarah—on this rainy afternoon, too! Will not that be delightful?"

"Patience—patience, children! don't crowd about me so. My story may not suit you; but, at all events, it is a true one. Call Billy in, too—he is old enough to hear it now; and it may do the child good," she added, in an undertone.

"Yes, mother," said he, coming in; "I am always on hand when there is story-telling."

Aunt Sarah settled herself more firmly in her chair, and began:—

"You all know who I mean when I speak of Margaret Howard; indeed, she is related to most of you here, for she is my cousin."

Yes, we all knew who was meant; though but few of the group had seen her.

"Well," continued Aunt Sarah, "when she was eighteen years old, a more winsome, lovely girl than she never stepped on this earth.

"It was not only her beauty, but a something in her manner; and she could be haughty, too, at times, but it seemed to make her more sweet and gracious by contrast.

"As you may think, she was the centre of attraction for the whole neighborhood.

"But her father was very proud of her, and we all used to wonder who he could think good enough for his darling; for, occupying the high position he did, we knew no ordinary man would suit him.

"At the time I am speaking of, she went to London to spend the winter, and there she met her fate—a rising young barrister, of good family and great wealth—a frequent visitor at her aunt's house—and possessed of every qualification to make a woman happy. They seemed made for each other.

'When she returned home in the spring, he accompanied her. Here was a man after her father's own heart, and he readily consented to the engagement, but would not listen to an early marriage. His daughter must reach her majority before marrying, and there he was inflexible.

"'You are both young,' he said, 'and I want to keep my only child with me a little longer. Correspond and visit us as often as you like; but no more.'

And with this they had to be content.

"Arthur Bell—for that was his name—was a frequent visitor, and they were devoted to each other. They never appeared to better advantage than when on horseback they rode for miles round the country: both handsome, possessed of splendid forms—and she was a most fearless horsewoman—they were a sight for the country people to see.

'One day in the early autumn of the year following the engagement, they were returning from a long ride, and had reached that piece of road that is cut round Chestnut Hill. They were earnestly talking; the horses had fallen into a walk, with the reins lying loosely on their necks, when a shot was fired in the hollow below the road.

"Margaret's horse shied, started, stumbled, and she, unprepared, with the reins loose in her hands, was pitched over his head and down the bank. She was taken up unconscious, and remained so several days. Ah! my dears, that was a fearful trial. I was sent for, to assist my poor aunt, who was almost mad with grief and anxiety.

"At length, after many days, Margaret slowly crept back to life. Nothing could exceed the devotion of Arthur at this time; he watched with me at her bedside for many nights, and by day he was the strength and support of the father and mother, whom we were obliged to keep from Margaret as much as possible, for their violence unnerved her.

"I had noticed for some time that the doctor did not seem satisfied with his patient's condition. He would question everyone very closely; but the furrow between his eyes, and his compressed lips, did not look satisfactory to me.

"Time went on, until one day Arthur was summoned to a private interview, when the doctor told him Margaret Howard could never be his wife. She might live for years—would, no doubt, be able to walk a little in time, but would be a confirmed invalid, and could never marry.

"What else passed at this interview was only known to themselves. But when I next saw Arthur, he seemed as though years had aged him. I was the one who had to tell my uncle and aunt, and they bore it better than I expected.

"We dreaded the effects of all this agitation upon Margaret, and the doctor said, We must wait awhile before informing her.'

"I had returned home long before this, for it was now spring.

"One lovely afternoon I drove over to see her—driving myself, as I often did. I found Margaret lying on a sofa drawn up in front of a window, which was open, and the sweet air of spring stole in and lifted the curls off her white forehead. She looked very beautiful as she lay there, my poor Margaret!

"After some little talk she lay perfectly quiet for a time, when, turning suddenly, she said, "Cousin, something is being kept from me which I ought to know. I can tell by your manner, by that of my father and mother, and of Arthur, that all is not right. Do not fear to tell me. I have not lain here all these months without thinking deeply. Tell me—am I to die?'

"'Oh, no, no!' I answered, eagerly. 'The doctor says you will live for years.'

"But how, Sarah? Tell me; I will not be kept in ignorance any longer."

"And so I told her, as she lay there like a broken flower. And but for the fluttering of the eyelids, and the quivering of her mouth, she gave no sign. When I had finished, she turned from me, and buried her face in the pillow. I could do nothing but stroke her hair softly, as I knelt by her and prayed in my heart that God would give her strength to bear up under her affliction. Presently she put her hand out to me, pressed mine warmly, and said, "Thank you, cousin. Please leave me. I would be alone.'

"I silently left the room. At the front door I met Arthur, who had just returned from London. I told him what had passed, and sent him to Margaret.

"Ah, my dears! I felt very sad as I drove home, and thought how the brightest hopes could be dashed to the ground.

"The next day I was surprised by a visit from Arthur, who brought a request from my aunt that I would come over for a few days.

"He said Margaret seemed quite low-spirited, and her mother pitied her and cried over her so much that she made herself ill, besides affecting her daughter.

"My dear mother was with me then, and Uncle Ned was always the kindest of men, so I could leave home very well, and in a short time I was seated in Arthur's dog-cart. On our way he spoke very freely of his feelings.

"He said, 'To you, Mrs. Bailey, who have been with us so much in our troubles, I can speak of my love for your cousin; it is interwoven in every fibre of my being—she is my all in all. Judge, then, of my feelings when last night she pleaded with me to leave her—to go from her out in the world, and see her no more. Ah, she did not know what she asked of me—to be denied the sight of her dear face—never to hear again the sound of that voice, which is the sweetest music to me! My poor, crushed daisy—my precious pearl! May God deal with me as I am faithful to you!'

"During my stay with them, I did all I could to impress on Margaret my belief of the wrong and injustice she was doing Arthur in opposing his wishes.

"Her only reply was, 'How can I bear to see his life so ruined! He will give up his profession—all for me—and I can give him nothing in return. He would even marry me, cousin, but that I will never listen to.'

"Arthur was steadfast. He took rooms

in the village; but every day he has been with Margaret, except for short runs to London, where he is connected with some of the papers, for which he writes.

"It is fifteen years this month since her injury, and he is as devoted now as then. At times Margaret is able to walk a little, but at others her sufferings are great. They have a low, easy carriage, built under Arthur's directions; and when Margaret is at her best, and the weather and roads are good, they drive about. Her father has since died, but her mother is left to her. She has no company but a few near friends, and these not often."

When Aunt Sarah had finished, I am sure there was not a dry eye in the room; even irreverent Billy was winking hard, and no one spoke for some time, when Susan softly said, "Oh, auntie! does she ever come here?"

"Yes, dear; she was here in June, and I think will be here again this autumn."

We had subject enough for conversation and thought that evening; and, as I lay in my bed and listened to the rain as it dashed against the windows, my thoughts were divided between sympathy for Margaret and admiration for her devoted knight.

The next morning the rain had ceased, but the wind continued with great violence all day, until just before night it abated; and when Uncle Ned came in from his work, he said the "stars were just sparkling."

When we opened our eyes the following morning, the sun was shining warm and bright, but there was a crispiness in the air that told of frost; and, on going downstairs, we were greeted by Billy with a loud "Hurrah, girls!—frost last night, and the ground will be covered with chestnuts. Mother says if we go off the middle of the day it will not be so damp in the woods, so make haste and get ready. We will take lunch with us, and have great fun."

Nothing loth, we made our preparations, and soon set off in high spirits.

On our way we fell in with another party of young people belonging to the neighborhood, and bound on the same errand. We joined forces, and a merry party we made.

I shall never forget that day in the woods—it was my last for many years; but it is all impressed on my mind—the sun so warm and bright, the air just crisp enough to be bracing, and the bright, merry party that turned everything into pleasure.

And then, when lunch-time came, we made common stock of it, and spread it all out on a flat stone, and ate in a way that would have made a dyspeptic groan.

Such beef-pie, pink slices of boiled ham, tender, juicy, roast chicken, baked apples, and pickles; and, turned away by itself in a covered dish with a napkin round it, was a generous piece of honeycomb.

The sun was well on his downward path, when we remembered Aunt Sarah's parting injunction, "not to stay late."

So we gathered up our trophies, and prepared to return.

But we all agreed that we must go round by "Chestnut Hill," and look at the place where Margaret Howard received her life-long injury.

We had all been there before, but it was invested with a new interest for us now, after the sad story we had listened to so recently.

We could imagine the whole scene—the pair so absorbed in each other, their whole being glowing with life and love; then the fatal shot, and Margaret lying crushed and lifeless in the "hollow" beneath.

It was here we parted with our companions of the morning, and turned our steps homeward.

Billy took us over fences and by short cuts to make up for our round-about pilgrimage, and we gladly climbed the last hill that hid the Brick House from our view.

When we had done so, it lay before us calm and peaceful; and there, also, was old Joe, putting the horses to a very handsome carriage.

We turned to Billy for an explanation; that astute individual was standing, his hands in his pockets, and his bag of chestnuts lying at his feet, gazing also.

"Why, there is the Howards' carriage, now," said he; "and you may be sure that Cousin Margaret and Mr. Bull are in the house."

We hurried down the hill, and round to the back door, intending to get to our rooms and make ourselves presentable. But Aunt Sarah called to us to "Come in, as Cousin Margaret was going soon."

So we went in with our wind-tossed hair, and cheeks glowing with exercise.

How shall I describe Margaret Howard as she appeared to me that day with the romance of her sad story lingering about her?

Although thirty-five years had passed over her, she looked scarcely twenty-five. Her dark hair, curled in soft rings around a forehead like ivory; her eyes deep, dark, luminous, were the mirrors of truth and purity, and her sweet, winsome mouth seemed to have been trained to patience and resignation.

She was lying back in Aunt Sarah's easy chair, and, as we were named to her, she extended her hand, and drew each one down for a kiss, and made kind inquiries for absent ones.

Suddenly I saw her face light up like the flush of fire on snow, and I turned to see Uncle Ned coming in, accompanied by a gentleman whose dignified and gracious bearing well fitted him to be the mate of even Margaret Howard.

After bowing to us, he went to her, and said, "Are you ready, dear? The carriage is at the door."

She at once arose from her seat, and he, taking the wraps which Aunt Sarah brought, himself put them round her, and drawing her hand through his arm, they slowly went out to the carriage.

We followed out to the gate, and marked the loving care with which Margaret seemed crowned, and thought that, despite her afflictions, she was blessed above most of her sex.

We all stood gazing after the carriage, until a deep sigh from Aunt Sarah aroused us. It was echoed by Billy, who said, "Oh, dear! my breath is all down in my shoes. I mean to do something to bring it up. Come, Susan, I'll run you a race to the stable."

And away they flew over the grass, while we turned thoughtfully into the house.

The day our party broke up, each girl going to her own home.

* * * * * *

It was five years before I again found myself beneath the roof of the old Brick House.

Many changes had taken place in my own life in that time. I had married, been to Australia, and now, on my return, was again seated in the dear old sitting-room talking to Aunt Sarah.

Among my first questions was one about Margaret Howard.

"Ah, my dear," said Aunt Sarah, "she is past all pain and suffering. She took a severe cold soon after you saw her here, faded slowly through the winter, and, in the spring, we laid her to rest among the violets."

"And Arthur, Aunt Sarah—how did he bear it?"

"I can only answer by saying he was himself to the last. He was with her constantly during her last sickness. A widowed niece of my aunt's came to them that winter, and remains there yet; but he could bear no hands but his own to wait on his darling. She died in his arms. Her last look was in his eyes; her last words to him called him 'her blessing and her comfort.' I stood near when he laid her down, and, as he pressed a last kiss on her dear face I heard him murmur, 'Not long—not long.'

"After the funeral he accompanied his brother to London; but, in less than a week he suddenly returned, and went to his rooms in the village. The people of the house, surprised would have questioned him; but he made brief replies, declined all offers of refreshment, and, retiring to his rooms, he was seen no more that night.

"The next morning he did not appear, and, fearing he might be ill, they went to his room. He was sitting in front of his desk, his arms thrown forward on the table, and his face buried in them; his lamp still burning before him. They went to him, my dear—he was dead; had been dead for hours the doctor said.

"Beneath his face, on the table, was a photograph of Margaret, a long curl of her hair and some letters received from her the first year of their engagement.

"The doctor said 'heart disease,' but if ever a man died of a broken heart, it was Arthur Bell.

"We laid him beside Margaret among the violets, his family consenting, for they knew what his wishes would have been."

When Aunt Sarah had finished her sad tale our mingled tears paid the last tribute to the memory of the devoted lovers.

My visit was a short one, as I was soon to return to Australia with my husband. It was not then as now, a quick run through the Suez Canal but the more tedious Cape route. So good-byes followed on greetings, and I was off.

Each one of that little party of merry girls assembled together that bright autumn has gone out into the world, and taken up the tangled threads of life. Each one has fulfilled her "manifold destiny," and become wife and mother. But no one has had brought to her notice, either directly or indirectly, such an instance of rare devotion as that related to us by Aunt Sarah.

ART MEMORIES.

Mnemonics, or the art of rendering artificial aid to the memory by associating in the mind things difficult to remember with those which are easy of recollection, is of very ancient origin.

It is said to have originated with the Egyptians, but the first person to reduce it to a system was, according to Cicero, the poet Simonides, who lived 500 B.C. His plan is known as the topical, or locality, plan, and was in substance as follows:—Choose a large house, with a number of differently furnished apartments in it. Impress upon the mind carefully all that is noticeable in the house, so that the thought can readily go over all its parts. Then place on a series of ideas in the house: the first in the hall, the next in the sitting-room, and so on with the rest.

Now, when one wishes to recall these ideas in their proper succession, commence going through the house, and the idea placed in each department will be found to readily recur to the mind in connection with it.

It is related that this mnemonic plan was first suggested to the poet by a tragic circumstance. Having been called from a banquet just before the roof of the house fell and crushed all the rest of the company, he found on returning that the bodies were so mutilated that no individual could be recognized; but by remembering the places which they had severally occupied at table he was able to identify them. He was thus led to notice that the order of places may by association suggest that order of things.

The plan of Simonides furnished the basis of all mnemonic systems up to the 17th century.

These suggested a series of imaginary theatre-shaped edifices with interior walls variously divided and colored, in which repository all ideas and facts were to be appropriately grouped.

More modern systems of mnemonics are framed with the especial purpose of lightening the task of memorizing dates and numbers.

To this end letters are substituted for figures and combined into words; consonants only are used for this purpose.

We give the main points of the system of a German monk, who taught his plan throughout Europe in the early part of this century. He associated letters and figures with great care.

For the figure 1 he used the letter t, a single stroke for 2, n, two strokes; 3, m, or three strokes; 4, r, because this letter is found in the world denoting "four" in all European languages; 5, l, because the Roman numeral L signifies fifty or five tens; 6, d, from fancied similarity; 7, k, because two 7's joined at the top would somewhat resemble this letter; 8, b or w, from supposed similarity; 9, p, for same reason; 0 s, z, or s. Vowels are used in connection with these letters, but always with the express stipulation that they have no significance.

To exemplify a number is given, 547; 5 is l, 4 is r, 7 is k; no unmeaning vowel being inserted we have the word "lark," much more easily remembered than the numerical form.

In inserting the dumb letters, the memory is aided by framing a word that has, apparently, some connection with the date mentioned.

There is, of course, great room for ingenuity in the formation of these suggestive words, and often a series of dates can be joined in some intelligible sentence that can be easily remembered.

The theory of mnemonics is full of interest to all lovers of the curious, and there is no doubt that the mystery of one of the schemes by which it is exemplified gives the memory an amount of exercise that cannot but prove of great benefit in developing the faculty.

DUTCH FUNERALS.—When a death occurs in a Dutch family the announcement of it is made to the relatives and friends in the neighborhood by men who are specially employed by the undertakers, and go from door to door, bearing the melancholy tidings.

The costume of these functionaries is very peculiar. It consists of a black tail coat, black knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with silver buckles. A white tie is worn around the throat, and upon the head an enormous cocked hat, with a huge rosette at the side while two pieces of ribbon, each about a yard and a half in length, hang down the back. If the death is that of a child, the rosette is of white satin.

Strangers, no doubt, often mistake these individuals for high dignitaries of the Dutch Church. They pursue their calling either singly, two, three and even four together, the number employed being according to the position formerly held by the deceased; but it looks very like ostentation for a number of men to perform a duty that might be easily done by one person.

In one province, on the occasion of funerals, great feasts were formally given, and strong beer was especially brewed for the use of the mourners and others. Beggars and vagabonds collected from all parts of the country, and were allowed to regale themselves freely with the good cheer provided for the occasion. Thus there were often scenes of drunkenness and disorder among the outsiders which the police are called in to suppress.

SHE DIDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER.—"Now, I want to know how long it will be before I get an answer to this letter?" a young lady demanded, with a tell-tale blush, as she handed in at a post-office a communication addressed to her lover who dwelt in western parts.

"That depends," said the postal representative reflectively. "If he's in jail they perhaps only let 'em write once a week, and in some places only once a month, on Sundays; if he's dead broke, he'll have to wait until he earns the price of a stamp, and I have no data on which to base an opinion of his earning capacity; if he's ill abed, he may feel delicate about dictating his real feelings to a third person; and if it's fever they won't let him write at all. Then, again, if he's got a new sweetheart—"

She didn't wait for the clerk to complete his catalogue of contingencies.

SELF-PREPARATION. — Whether consciously or not, we may be hourly preparing ourselves for sudden actions. Whether we shall meet the emergencies of life, its powerful temptations, its impulsive attractions, its momentous crises, with courage or cowardice, with strength or weakness, with self-control or self indulgence, depends far less upon the immediate incentive than upon the habit of life which has preceded it. It is upon the reiterated choices of good or evil that we are continually making in daily life that the quality of our sudden and momentous decisions depends, and the praise or blame that is given to the latter is even more strictly due to the former, and to all the decisions and actions of daily life which are so often deemed trifling and insignificant.

A RECENTLY published book on etiquette says: "Endeavor to select your guests with a sense of fitness." That is, do not invite a fat man to eat a slim dinner.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The result of recent enquiries into the average temper of the sexes is that, "There is little difference between the sexes in the frequency of good and bad temper, but that little is in favor of the women, since forty-five men are recorded as good-tempered for every fifty-two who are bad. We should like to know what sort of a machine the investigator used to calculate the results by? How did it act when he wanted to squeeze out the sweetness of women?—how when the bitter element was to be expressed.

A Princeton, Illinois, despatch recites that the "two grown daughters of Jacob Nye, a well-to-do farmer, living eight miles south of Princeton, have been adjudged insane and be sent to Jacksonville for treatment. The father, mother and another daughter are also insane. The family of five were all stricken with this strange malady on the same day, and physicians are unable to account for the cause, as all were as well as usual a few days ago, and there had been no unusual excitement in the neighborhood. They spend their time singing and praying and seem to fear being poisoned."

A lecturer asserts that ere long all intellectual men will be bald, and that even now the "shiny pate" is a mark of great brain power. We shall shortly have constituencies selecting their representatives, managers their actors, congregations their pastors, ladies their husbands from the bald-headed. If this be true the hangmaker will be the barber who discovers a "never-failing" depilatory; secretaries of State, prime ministers will be secured on the weakness of their hair; generals because they have grown through their scalps, and Judges', Speakers' and Lord Chancellor's wigs will be thrown away.

In London the trade in penny toys is on the increase. There is something new every day. The penny bagpipes sell by the thousand. The feature of them is that though the man plays what he calls a "fling" on the very bagpipes you buy, no sound can be got out of them when you take them home. There is a penny bird in a cage with a cat trying to get it; and an ingenious penny donkey that kicks a penny put upon its tail into a money box. Beetles in all the colors of the rainbow are the stock of one man; negroes whom you can't knock down though you try ever so hard, are a second speciality; a third sells Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone in a mortal combat; and so on.

An eccentricity of toilet seen in New York and elsewhere consists of dewbells worn by fashionable women. These curious adjuncts are shaped like the old-fashioned tinkling bells which were suspended to one cow's neck in a herd, so that the beasts could be easily found when they strayed away in the woods, but they are smaller, being only about three inches long. The metal is brass, with embellished surfaces, although in extreme case of extravagance, gold may be used. They dangle at the ends of chains from the wearer's belt, and the clappers tinkle against the inner sides with more or less noise, according to the gait of the girl. If she tread hard and fast, there is considerable ringing, but if she is an easy stepper the sound is only an occasional clink, something like that of the brass heels once worn on shoes.

Chinese grave diggers from San Francisco are disinterring the remains of fellow Chinamen buried in Evergreen Cemetery, New York, preparatory to shipping them to China. The work has attracted many curiously inclined persons to the scene, but diggers now complain of the onlookers' presence, arguing that it makes them nervous, and, therefore interferes with the work, which one Celestial says "needs much care and attention, because if a single joint or finger nail of the deceased is carelessly left behind he might be unable to rest in his grave in China. We do not take the hair or clothing of these dead, but the bones, etc., as they are really the flesh and blood of their parent. There are yet about a half a dozen to be taken out, then we will go to Boston and get some there."

The Snake story season is on us in earnest now, but whether the "thrilling experience" detailed from Pike's Mill, Pa., originated in some fertile brain or not isn't known. It bears an air of genuineness, however. The principals—besides the snake of course—were Charles Wolfling and a friend. They ran across an immense black snake in the Black Forest region (Potter county), which Wolfling attempted to despatch with a large club. In doing so "the snake wound itself about Wolfling and pinned one of his arms to his side. His right arm, fortunately was free, and he seized the huge snake by the neck with his right hand and shouted to his companion to come to his aid. The latter, seeing the danger Wolfling was in, hurried back, and while Wolfling held the black snake at arm's length, his companion beat it with a club until it relaxed its coils about the blacksmith, and was finally killed. The snake, which is now being prepared for mounting in the Smithsonian Institution, measured 14 feet and 3 inches, and is unquestionably the largest of its kind ever killed."

Our Young Folks.

THE POSTMAN'S GIFT.

BY S. B. EDGCOMBE.

"THE letter is over weight, I tell you. There's five cents to pay."

"And I haven't even a single penny," was the doleful reply; "no, not in the whole world!"

And then pale-faced little Hazy lifted up her dark blue eyes, and gazed very earnestly into those of the postman.

There she stood, with her very shabby frock, and there, too, stood the business-like postman, in his uniform, with its bright red collar, holding in his hand meanwhile a large batch of letters.

"Well then, if you haven't, I must take it away again. It trots off then direct to the Dead Letter Office. That's what it is."

Hazy actually started, opening her mouth wide with astonishment.

"Dead Letter Office?" she repeated, quite solemnly.

The postman nodded. "That's it. But I can't wait. I'm off now to next door."

"And it's the first letter I ever had sent from anyone in my life. And now to think I can't even get hold of it! Yet—as Uncle Rob so often says—it's a very hard thing to be so poor as we are."

She glanced around even as she spoke upon the scantily-furnished room which they called home, situated upon the ground floor of a large but shabby-looking house within the heart of the Great City. And then all at once the door opened, and in walked Uncle Rob himself—a grey-headed man, with broad, though stooping shoulders.

His step, however, was still firm, and the expression upon his face was a decidedly honest one.

"There, Hazy! There's the money for the rent, my girl. You know I like to have it ready; and Stokes, the landlord, will be here sometime to-morrow, when you must give it to him."

How Hazy's eyes brightened up at the sight of the cash, as he laid it upon the table before her.

If she had only had some of it a few moments ago! And then she all at once remembered that this particular amount was for the rent only—of course.

"I've something to tell thee, Hazy. It's a bit of news, quite."

And so saying, the speaker threw himself upon a chair, and laid his hand an instant upon her shoulder.

It was easy to see that he loved Hazy, who looked up now into his face precisely as she had done into the postman's; answering, also, every bit as dolefully.

"Oh! I daresay the news isn't anything particular—or at any rate I don't care about hearing it." Then, with a sad dreary sort of smile from one so young, came, "You don't know how tired I am of being here all alone—and I can't bear to be poor like this," came after a pause, as if she was more than half ashamed of herself for making the confession. "I can't help saying so this evening. Don't be cross, will you?"

Uncle Rob fixed his eyes upon his darling an instant.

"Then my news happens just to be the very news you want, my pet; not, however, that it happens to be the very sort that exactly pleases myself. A very rich lady in the neighborhood wishes to adopt you, Hazy."

His voice faltered a moment.

"But I don't know in the least what 'adopt' means," was the hasty interruption. Hazy's attention had been already strongly attracted by the very use of the word "rich."

"Well, it means, then, that she will take you to live with her, and will call you her own daughter. You will have plenty of money then, my child, and everything that you can wish."

Hazy stared aghast. This was surely the most wonderful evening possible. She did not notice the strange anxious expression visible upon Uncle Rob's face.

"You will go?" he asked. "But of course—I need not even ask such a question. How stupid of me!"

Hazy was all the while in one long wonderful dream.

She was going to be some rich lady's daughter! Why, the words could not be true.

"The lady is coming this evening, probably," went on Uncle Rob, now very bravely and stoutly. "Why, I declare, if that isn't her carriage that has just driven up before the door! She has seen you already many times, she says."

It all seemed just like a story in some delightful old fairy-book.

So thought Hazy, who sprang up suddenly, and strange to say, took it into her head that she must run away and hide herself somewhere.

What a beautiful lady! Was it really possible that she could care anything—even the most in the world—for a poor girl like herself—and take her?

"You will be my own little girl, won't you, Hazy?" said the most musical of voices imaginable. "Unfortunately, I have no little girl of my own. My husband is dead—but very lonely, Hazy. I will try to make you happy—indeed I will."

"The lady is good—very good," broke in the steady voice of Uncle Rob. "She offers to give you that which I can never give. If you go and live with her your days of poverty are ended—such as you have had in the old home."

But Uncle Rob's voice was husky now.

"I've often watched you, child, as you went to and fro," went on the lady, "and thought that you might perhaps be a comfort to me. That was how the idea first came into my mind."

"Now, Hazy, speak!" fell gruffly. "Do as you like—only think for yourself, my girl—don't think of me. It's for your own good—not mine; that's very sure."

But still the child stared blankly at Uncle Rob.

"Decide," he said. "You will be very happy—far happier than here."

There was a sudden rush to Hazy's heart, as if of joy, at such a beautiful prospect; and then another thought had rushed into her heart, and she had burst out sobbing.

"I won't leave you," she said, "Uncle Rob—it wouldn't be right to go and be rich myself when you are poor. No, not certainly not. Please don't cry, Uncle Rob. There's nothing to cry for, that I can see. I thank you, of course, a great deal," she went on presently, prettily, but nervously, turning towards their visitor, who sat there like a beautiful ray of sunshine in that dingy room; "but I think it's far better to remain here, after all. It wouldn't be kind—not in the least. Don't you see?"

"May God bless thee, little Hazy! It would have been the loss of my life if you had left me—only that I would never have told you so."

Hazy had quite decided.

That evening, much later on, there came another knock at Uncle Rob's door.

"Oh, it's you, postman! A letter?" he asked. "I wonder from whom it comes. Quite an event, to be sure."

"But it's not for you, after all," responded the postman, grinning in a sort of good natured way from ear to ear, as the saying is. "It's for your little lass. There was five cents to pay, and as she hadn't the money I took it away again this afternoon. Something, however, has put it into my head to pay the five cents for her—I once had a daughter just like her, you see—and—and——"

It was of no use in the world for Uncle Rob to insist upon finding the money himself.

The postman, for the sake of his dear dead daughter, had eventually made up his mind to have his own way.

The letter was addressed to "Hazy Denton."

It only contained a stiff formal notice, saying that the brother of Hazy's mother had just died abroad, and had left a large fortune to his only sister's daughter.

As Hazy was in the habit of saying afterwards, that postman was really a capital old fellow. If it hadn't been for his kindly half dime how would they ever have known a word about the delightful Uncle Harry?

"And to think that the very first letter in all my life should have brought me such fortune! What if I had never seen it!"

The thought was really too bewildering.

Hazy has now plenty of pennies—far more, indeed, than she even knows what to do with; and is, too, all the happier for the fact of not having left good Uncle Rob "out in the cold."

JESS AND HER BIRDS.

BY PIPRIS.

LANE VIEW was the name of a small house near the town of Glyn, in which for the last six months had dwelt Mrs. Nairn and her one child, Jess.

It was a new thing for Mrs. Nairn to be as poor as she is now. Mr. Nairn had died but eight months since, and now she had to work hard to keep herself and Jess.

She had found two or three kind friends in Glyn who had known her when she was a child, and they let her wash their clothes for them, so that in this way she could earn a small sum for food and rent.

Jess was fond of her new home; their last house was in a street, but this one was at the end of a lane, and had a piece of ground at the back where Mrs. Nairn could dry the clothes. It was shut in on the left side by a red brick wall, and on the right there was a hedge.

It was a rare place for birds and bird's nests; and now that Spring had come round Jess could have shown you a wee nest in one small tree, made of soft green moss. It was a wren's nest, and she could have told you a strange tale of how one day, when she leant on the gate which led to the next field, she saw five wrens—one big one and four small ones; the big one sat in front of the young ones, and sang a short song, then one of the young birds tried to do the same; it sang a few notes quite right, then its voice broke, and lost the tune.

Then the old bird sang the song from where the young one left off, and then it tried to sing it once more: and this went on lots of times, day by day, till all the birds could sing the song quite well.

All through the cold days when the snow was on the ground, Jess had fed the birds till they grew so tame that they would sit on the trees to watch for her; and when she threw down the crumbs she had for them they would fly down close to her feet at once to peck them all up.

But Jess's doll, Grace Rose was not put by for Jess's new friends, the birds. She had her for a long time, and all the clothes she wore Jess had made with her own hands.

Now and then she would wash them all through, and hang them on the clothes-line to dry with the big pegs Mrs. Nairn had for her work, and then Mrs. Nairn taught her how to starch and "get them up" in the right way.

She learnt to do this so well that Mrs. Nairn said she would soon let her help her in her work. How proud Jess felt she would be when she could do this. She was a good girl, and was now a great help to Mrs. Nairn.

One bright warm day she had Grace Rose on the grass at her feet, and had gone out to take in the clothes, which were now dry, when on the next line she saw one of her dear birds.

He was so tame that he did not fly off as she put out her hands to touch the rope on which he was, but just then there was a whiz through the air which made him fly, and at the same time made Jess press her face and say, "Oh! my eye does hurt!" and she ran into the house.

A boy who was close by the fence heard her cry. It made him start and say "What can I have done?" and then he ran off.

Ah, yes! John Moore, what did you do? You threw a stone at a bird in sport; your aim was not such a good one as you thought, and you have hurt a poor girl so much that there is a great chance that she may be blind for life.

Yes, months and months went by, and Dr. Steele could say no more to Mrs. Nairn than:

"We may hope and trust her sight may come back to her; she is young and strong, keep up her strength."

The sad tale was soon known through Glyn, and it made for Mrs. Nairn and Jess a lot of kind friends, who saw that the child had all she wanted in the way of good food such as strong beef-tea and fresh milk and eggs, and they would come and sit and read to the child, for of course the days were long and dull for her, as she was kept in a dark room, and had to wear a shade on her eyes.

She could not help Mrs. Nairn now at all, and this made her fret at first, but Mrs. Nairn had now so much work to do that she had to hire someone to come and help her, and she would say to Jess, "Oh, we shall soon grow quite rich," and laugh and cheer Jess up, though at heart she felt sick with fear lest Jess would be blind for life, and she would have been glad to have been poor as they were a short time since if her child could have been strong and well as she was then.

But at last the light did come back to Jess's eye; it was a long time ere she could bear a strong light, but Dr. Steele now said that she would soon see quite well once more.

One of the first days that she went out a boy came up to her. It was John Moore; he said:

"You will not like me all your life long."

"What do you mean, John?" said Jess "why should I not like you?"

"Don't you know it was I who threw the stone that hurt you? and oh!" said he, as he caught hold of her hand, "I did not like to say it was my fault, and I thought I would tell no one, but each day since I heard you could not come out I have come to watch for you, and tell you that I did not see you when I threw the stone. I threw it at the bird which was on the line, but it flew off, and it was you it struck."

"Well, John," said Jess, "I am sure you did not mean to hurt me, and I shall soon be well. But, John, I am so fond of birds; do not throw stones at them. I cannot bear to think that the boys can kill them just for fun."

FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK.

BY D. KER.

YOU may talk as you like; I ain't afraid o nothin'. Let me see the man as can frighten me, that all!"

In truth it might well seem no easy matter to frighten Jim Barlow, he was a great hulking fellow, more than six feet high, strong enough to knock down a horse, and the terror of the whole village when he was out of temper, which happened almost every day.

Like most bullies, he was a great boaster, and very fond of bragging about his strength and courage and crowing over the men he had thrashed. But there were those who said—although they took care to say it only when the formidable Jim was out of hearing—that his bravery was not quite so great as he made it out to be, and that if he were ever confronted by a real danger he would cut as poor a figure as any of them.

On this particular evening Jim Barlow had been having his supper at the little village inn, and boasting, as usual, that nothing could frighten him.

As a rule no one dared to contradict him when he did this; so he was rather taken back when old Job Cox, the landlord, said to him very slowly and solemnly, with a knowing nod of his grey head at every word—

"Tell 'ee what, my lad, it ain't the bull as bellows the loudest what's the best fighter. It's one thing to thrash a weaker man than thyself in daytime, and another thing to be tackled in the dark by half-a-dozen thieves with pistols, or maybap by some at worse. If thee was to meet a ghost, now" (in those days many ignorant English villagers believed in ghosts), what would thee do?"

Fighting Jim gave a scowl like a gathering thundercloud, and clenched a fist as hard and heavy as a sledge-hammer.

Had not Job been so grey and wrinkled he would probably have been rewarded for his sermon by being knocked down on the spot.

As it was, Barlow had to content himself with flourishing his huge fists defiantly, and stoutly declaring that if all the ghosts in the churchyard were to get up at once, he "wouldn't care a straw!"

But this boast—which was easy enough to make in a snug firelit room, with plenty of people around him—came back to his memory rather unpleasantly an hour later, on his lonely walk homeward through the darkness, along a deep, narrow, gloomy lane, overshadowed by tall hedgerows, the twisted boughs of which looked like the clawed hands of monsters clutching at him as he passed.

All the ghost stories that he had ever heard in his life came crowding upon him at once as he neared the dismal hollow, where a pile of stones, lying in the black shadows of two overhanging trees, marked the exact spot on which a man had been found lifeless two or three years before.

The boaster's heart died within him, and the tune which he tried to whistle in order to keep up his failing courage melted into a tremulous quaver and then ceased altogether.

Most heartily did Billy Barlow then wish, when it was too late, that he had either never started home alone, or had spoken more respectfully of the ghosts before doing so.

Hark! what was that? Could it merely be the echo of his heavy tread, or was it a dogging footstep following close behind him? There; he heard it again, and this time too plainly for any mistake. It was no echo; it was something—Jim shuddered to think what—keeping step for step at his heels.

Had Job Cox and his other acquaintances seen him at that moment they might have well thought little of his boasted courage. Never was any man more helplessly terrified. His brawny limbs trembled as if in a fever, his breath came thick and short, and the cold dew of agony stood upon his forehead.

Once only as he hurried forward, half striding and half running, did he venture to cast a terror stricken glance back over his shoulder at his ghostly pursuer, whose haunting tread he could still hear plainly behind him. But he only caught a glimpse of a dim, shapeless, horrible creature whose deformed head seemed to be armed with two long straight horns.

Just at that moment the moon broke through the clouds and showed him a tall, gaunt, white figure standing right in his path, and stretching out two skeleton arms to seize him. With a loud yell of horror he fell down senseless.

At dawn the next morning—and this is a true story—a laborer found Bully Jim lying face downward on the wet grass, at the foot of the finger post, which his fears had magnified into a skeleton, while beside him gazed the pursuing ghost, in the shape of a stray donkey.

From that night Jim was never heard to boast of courage.

THE NEW FIRST READER.—"Do you see that machine?"

"Yes, I see it; it is a strange thing. What is it for—a brick yard?"

"Oh, no; it is called a stuffer."

"To stuff sausages?"

"No, to stuff school children. Come and examine it. You put a child from 10 to 14 years of age into this end, and into the other you place thirteen examples in fractions, three pages of history, two of grammar, three of orthography, an hour of writing and a yard of algebra, and when all is ready loosen this spring, and the child is duly stuffed."

"It must be very nice."

"It is. The schooling of the average pupil can be shortened up several years by this process, much to the honor and credit of the teacher."

"But don't pupils die under the stuffing?"

"Lots of them, but it is held to a too active brain."

"Are there many stuffers in use?"

"There is an average of one to every school in town and some have two. You may now run up and down four pairs of stairs to expand your lungs."

GIFTS AND GIVERS OF GIFTS.—Kindness is not so much shown in the cost of presents, but in the way of presenting them. There is, as a German proverb says, much honor in a glass of wine—which means that a gentle nature will show much more in the way sought to oblige than in the magnitude of the gift, which may depend on the means of the giver and not on his heartfelt wish to be kind. A man may be able to give a ten-dollar piece as a charity, but may throw the gold coin so as to avoid the touch of the needy person, and, by humiliating him, diminish the value of the gift. It is given only to few people to accompany the gift with a warm sympathetic look or smile or a kind word which will do more than the gift itself to console or comfort.

DOCTOR (*feeling patient's pulse*)—"What is your husband's business?" Patient's Wife—"He is a photographer." Doctor—"Has he been working hard of late?" Patient's Wife—"I don't know, doctor. He took the portraits of four babies yesterday." Doctor—"Ha! Brain fever."

OX AND DOG.—It is a much lesser crime in China to steal a neighbor's ox than to steal his dog. The former is simply personal property, while the latter takes the place of a man—a wife or child.

According to a Belgian *savant*, a man attains his maximum weight about his fortieth year. A woman however does not attain her maximum weight until about her fiftieth year.

EARTH'S VOICES.

BY WALTER MALTRAVERS.

How strange the charm of Nature's voice,
That whispers all around!
How mystical the harmonies
That ev'rywhere abound!

'Tis morn! The gorgeous sun hath risen
O'er beauteous grove and dell,
And to our souls their wondrous tale
Earth's many voices tell.

'Tis noon! And glorious day calls forth
From ev'ry bud and flower
A silent joy that seems to speak
Of beauty, love and power.

'Tis night! The earth now seeks repose,
And sobs the wind and sighs,
While murm'ring ocean waves respond
In sweetest lullabies.

The moon now lends her silv'ry light
Across the starry deep,
And earth, in rest and peace, appears
To smile in silent sleep.

O beauteous earth, O wondrous heav'n,
Majestic in design,
Your eloquence but echoes are
Of God's own voice Divine!

OF WEATHER SIGNS.

"I reckon we'll have to stop hay-carting to-morrow," said a laborer to me, one splendid, cloudless July day.

"Why?"

"'Cause I heerd one o' them old woodpeckers hollerin' fit to bust hisself while I was a gettin' my dinner."

Next morning the daily paper spoke of settled fine weather, but the rustic was right—it rained heavily. Here was a man utterly uneducated, who, without reference to any scientific instrument, could forecast the morrow's weather with accuracy, when the Meteorological Office, with all its appliances, was at fault.

With a little practice, any one living inland can, from the following signs, correctly prognosticate for his own neighborhood. The man who is out of doors at sunrise can form a pretty accurate opinion of what the day will be.

If just before sunrise the sky—especially in the west—is suffused with red, rain generally follows in the course of the day. In winter, often snow. If, however, it be frosty weather, the downfall is sometimes delayed.

On the other hand, if the sky be a dull gray, and the sun rises clear, gradually dispersing the vapors, it will be fine. If he retires behind the clouds, and there are reddish streaks about it, it will rain. Should the sun, later in the day, shine through a gray watery haze, it will probably be a rainy night.

The sunset is very unreliable. Often a beautiful sunset will be followed by a bad day. After a rainy day, suddenly at sunset, in the far west, will appear a magnificent streak of crimson (not copper-color)—this generally foretells a fine day.

A tinted halo round the sun at setting occurs in long continued rainy weather. A halo round the moon, especially if some distance from it, is a sure indication of a downfall at hand.

Rainbows are unreliable, except they occur in the morning, when rain may be expected. Sun-dogs and fragments of prismatic colors during the day, show continued unsettled weather. A dazzling metallic lustre on foliage, during a cloudless day in summer, precedes a change.

Hugo, piled up masses of white clouds in a blue sky, during winter, indicate snow or hail. If small, dark clouds float below the upper ones, moving faster than they, rain will follow, as it will if, in the morning, low hanging, pale-brown, smoke like clouds are floating about. Red tinged clouds, high up, at evening, are followed by wind, occasionally by rain.

Mists at evening over low-lying ground, or near a river, precede fine and warm days. If a mist in the morning clears off as the sun gets higher, it will be fine; but if it settles down again after lifting a little, rain is at hand. No dew in the morning is mostly followed by rain; and a heavy dew in the evening by a fine day.

Rain follows two or three consecutive hoar frosts. A shower of hail in the day time is usually followed by frost at night. If, after rain, drops of water still hang on the branches and twigs, and to window-frames, the rain will return; but if they fall and the woodwork dries, fine weather is at hand.

Stones turn damp before wet; at the same time it must be observed that the fact of their doing so does not invariably indicate rain, for they will do so occasionally before heat. Smoke descending very heavily to the ground is a sign of very doubtful weather.

If, on a fine day, the dust suddenly rises in a revolving, spiral column, rain is near.

The howling of the wind indicates, in most houses, but not invariably, that downfall is near. In some houses, owing to their construction, the wind always moans. Wherever the wind is at the time of the vernal equinox (March 21, and thereabouts) that will be the prevailing wind throughout the next three months.

If the stars appear unusually numerous, and the "milky way" very clearly defined, with the surrounding sky dark, or if there be but few stars, and those very bright and sparkling, in a pale, steely sky, it will be fine.

Swine, before rain, are unusually noisy and restless. Swallows in fine weather will fly high, and at the approach of rain, close to the ground; but the latter does not apply if the day is cold, in which case they hawk very low. Common sparrows washing vigorously in a puddle on the road, or at the edge of running water, is a sure sign of rain.

The woodpecker, before rain, becomes uneasy, uttering its cry, "Yoo, yoo—yoo, yoo, yoo," although at other times the most silent of birds. Rain generally follows within twenty-four hours, often very soon. This may be accepted as an infallible sign.

Before rain or thunder, flies are unusually troublesome in stinging. Sometimes, on a summer day, without warning, all the cock-pheasants in a wood will start crowing—very often because they hear thunder too far distant to be perceptible to the bystander.

Should moles, after dry weather, commence throwing up their mounds and working briskly, rain will follow. In a frost, this foretells a thaw.

Gnats flying in columns in the setting sun portends a fine morrow: but sometimes the winter gnat will do so if the rain only ceases for an hour or two.

Besides the foregoing, there are numerous weather signs; but among those mentioned will always be found one or more by which a coming change can be predicted.

Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow for blow; future interest he meets with present pleasure; but love, that sun against whose melting beams the winter cannot stand—that soft subliming slumber which wrestles down the giant, there is not one human being in a million, nor a thousand men in all earth's hugh quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against love.

Grains of Gold.

Headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

Merit in appearance is oftener rewarded than merit itself.

The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.

If thou hast fear of those who command thee, spare those who obey thee.

How little do they see what is, who frame their hasty judgments upon that which seems!

We always live prospectively, never retrospectively, and there is no abiding moment.

There are no greater wretches in the world than many of those whom people in general take to be happy.

Think when you are enraged at any one, what would probably become your sentiments should he die during the dispute.

There is what is called the highway to posts and honors, and there is a cross and by way, which is much the shortest.

Wise anger is like fire from the flint; there is great ado to bring it out; and when it does come, it is out again immediately.

A person may not merit favor, as that is only the claim of man, but can never demerit charity, for that is the command of God.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

Femininities.

The Queen of Sweden is teaching her peasantry how to cook.

U. S. Treasury girls call a man "bub" until he is forty-seven.

Woman's hair is woman's glory, but not some other woman's hair.

The rain of terror—For a lady with no umbrella and a new bonnet.

A coquette is like a war veteran; she goes through many engagements.

In marriage, one and one makes one; in divorce, one from one leaves two.

London has a woman's club, the Alexandria, which is only four years old but has 800 members.

Poverty parties are the latest rage, and are greatly enjoyed by those who wear patches as a joke.

After eating or handling onions, it is wise to eat or touch celery, as it removes the unpleasant smell.

An appropriation of $1,000 to teach cooking in the public schools has been made at New Haven, Conn.

A woman with two tongues has been discovered in Alabama. She became a widow at a very tender age.

A tablespoonful of kerosene, well mixed in a copper full of water, cleanses the clothes boiled in it very rapidly.

Women are the dearest, cutest creatures in the world, but they can't tell how a shoe fits until they see the number.

When linen or clothes are mildewed, they should be soaked in buttermilk. This is said to be an infallible method of removing the stains.

A new disease among young ladies has newly put in its appearance. It is called "blushing." This is the malicious way a contemporary announces the matter.

The truly æsthetic girl, with an appreciation of the eternal fitness of things, uses blue note paper when she tells her admirer that she can never be more than a sister.

Never hem tablecloths, napkins, or sheets by machine. Handwork is best, and washes best, for there is almost sure to be a layer of dirt under the edge of a machined hem.

Which letter in the alphabet is of the utmost importance to a young lady, and why?—The letter "I," because upon it depends whether her life will be married or marred.

Divorces are even easier in Germany than here. At Frankfort-on-the-Main last week a married woman was pronounced the person at fault and legally divorced because she did not know how to cook.

Brown—You don't look well, Robinson. Robinson—No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble. Brown—Nonsense; your lungs are all right! Robinson—Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's.

Lady Georgina Legge made up a woman's eleven for a game of cricket with the girls of the Birmingham High School and the match was played on the Earl of Dartmouth's grounds. One player made 39 runs.

There's a school district in Van Buren county, Mich., where the lady teacher is putting in her time and drawing her pay without a single pupil in attendance, the two scholars in the district attending another school.

A baby weighing thirteen ounces, with a head no larger than a silver dollar and arms like pipe stems, was born in Chicago on July 1, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Willis. Mr. Willis weighs 135 pounds and his wife 125. The midget baby is active and healthy.

Mrs. Blood, to the Colonel, who is going away: "I'm afraid you will find this quart bottle inconvenient to carry in the pocket, dear; why not take a pint bottle?" Colonel Blood: "That would be more inconvenient than a quart bottle, my darling."

"Birdie," whispered a happy young Chicago lover, "now that we are engaged you mustn't call me Mr. Forcine any more." "Ah, no, darling," responded the girl with a sigh and a snigglo, "you must always call me 'Birdie' and I will always call you 'Butch.'"

Proverbs about woman. "A woman's tongue is her sword, and she does not let it rust" (Chinese). They are great blabbers: "To a woman and a magpie tell what you would speak in the market place" (Spanish). "A woman conceals what she does not know" (English).

"It was a severe punishment," said the father, self-reproachfully, "but it answers the purpose. It kept Johnny from running on the street." "You didn't cripple the boy, did you?" "No, I had his mother cut his hair for him. You ought to see the poor boy." And the proud father wept bitterly.

Was there ever a long, happy day, I wonder, even though it fell at midsummer? Did not the sun hurry on his way, and set at noon, just as the tide of our happiness was rising highest? Are not twelve hours of bliss distilled into minutes? and when the moment of parting comes, does it not seem as if we had but that instant clasped hands in joyous greeting?

A touching story comes from St. Louis. It is told of a doctor, who made the acquaintance of a young woman about two years ago, while attending her brother. Their marriage was agreed upon, when, a few weeks ago, he was taken sick. His chances of recovery became rather gloomy, whereupon the girl was sent for and the marriage solemnized, shortly after he died.

"Good-night, Lillian, Sugartree, Caption, Abbot Rock," is the way a telegram read which a wife found in her millwright husband's pocket. He obtained a copy of his telegraph cipher, and, after a fierce struggle, convinced her that the suspicious cipher, when read full length, resolved itself into the innocent message: "Send us right away a pulley 36 inches diameter, 12½ inch face, with a 14-inch bushing three inches in diameter, to fit on a 9-16-inch shaft."

Masculinities.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.

What generally remains after the sweets of married life depart—Family jars.

A fashion note to be observed is that grass widows should not wear weeds.

Whisky and carelessness are responsible for the majority of accidents on the water.

Investors should copy this out a few times: "The prospect is always fine in the prospectus."

For there is no air that men so greedily draw in, that diffuses itself so soon, and that penetrates so deep as that of license.

President Cleveland has adopted the custom of wearing a pepper-and-salt business suit at the White House Monday receptions.

Some one remarks that "the devil soon gets into idle people." But, if the devil gets into them, they surely can't be unoccupied.

Chris. Aherns, who has just died near Clinton, Iowa, was nearly 7 feet high. He had to stand on a step-ladder to shave himself.

"Is smoking offensive to you sir?" he said to a stranger. "Well—er—I don't like it second-hand." "Have a cigar?" "Thanks!"

A new drink has come in at the Capitol in Washington. It is a compound of brandy and apollinaris, and is called the "quick and the dead."

"Rise up, O statistician," writes a bachelor, "and tell us if there be more marriages in leap year than other years, and then we shall know how to act!"

David G. Rankin, of Indianapolis, obtained the license for his marriage to Olive S. Lowe on June 18, 1885, but was not married till that date this year.

A man's desires always disappoint him; for though he meets with something that gives him satisfaction, yet it never thoroughly answers his expectation.

Miss Clara, entertaining a caller: "Bobby, you mustn't play with Mr. Featherly's hat." Bobby: "Why not?" "You might injure it; and beside he will want it shortly."

In every small boy's breast there is an intense feeling against kissing the girls, which is only exceeded by the intense feeling in the opposite direction later on.

A young correspondent wants to know: "What is the critical period in a man's life?" Well, my boy, it usually begins about six weeks after he is married, and lasts some time.

"Brown always seems to be lost in thought." "Lost in thought! No wonder. His ideas are so far apart that he can't help getting lost on the way from one to another."

As the seashore bathing season is here, it seems as if there is a big opening for the genius who invents a male bathing dress that will not betray the fact that the wearer is bow-legged.

Charlie Roberts, aged 12, who belongs in upper New York State, has been committed to the Reform School at Topeka, Kan., for horse stealing. He is pronounced "a hardened criminal."

"Do you attend church regularly?" queried the pastor of a man who had just moved into his parish. "No, I never go to church, but attend all the weddings and funerals. I enjoy them just as well, and then there are no collections."

A Minnesota man painted his house with phosphorescent paint, and the very first night four fire companies smashed all his windows and drenched his carpets, and the crowd got away with about $11 worth of diamonds and solid silver.

There is a species of vindictiveness which passes human understanding, says a contemporary. The talented Washington correspondent whom we have frequently squibbed in a pleasantly informal way, called upon us yesterday and gave us a cigar.

An Oregon City, Oregon, clergyman got lost in the woods while enroute to Arthur's Prairie, 10 miles distant, to marry a couple, and not until after the lapse of 48 hours did he reach his destination. The bride and groom, together with the invited guests, waited all the while.

She: "Won't it be delightful when we are married, Jim?" He: "Won't it?" She: "No conventionalities to bind us and everything lovely." He, who has played a very long game of tennis: "Yes, and then I can take the rocking-chair and you the camp stool without exciting remark."

Several enthusiastic Boston gentlemen have invented a new method for using the surplus in the United States treasury. They propose to abolish usury or interest by having the Government establish depositaries of money at all necessary points, to loan money without interest to all who can give security.

Don't despise the graduate. If a young man, he will find out in time that there are other men in the world who know almost as much as he does, and he will then settle down and become a useful citizen; if a young woman some one will be sure to inform her that there are other young women in the world as pretty as she. Perhaps you were a graduate yourself once. Be charitable.

A man was asked the other day by a bashful friend to make a proposal for him. The friend, in reply, wrote the following fable: "A damsel, being deeply in love, called upon Venus to descend and soften the heart of the young man; whereupon the goddess appeared to the swain. But he was so much struck with her beauty that he quite forgot the charms of the other young lady, and eloped that very evening with Venus."

In this progressive age hot stoves enter the list of articles which a thief will appropriate, if the opportunity offers. But a Detroit husband goes a step further towards adding to the stove's notoriety. He picked one up, fire and all, and threw it down stairs after his fleeing wife. Fortunately, his aim was poor, and no serious damage resulted. The facts were brought out during a successful suit for divorce, instituted by the wife, they being part of the mother-in-law's testimony.

Recent Book Issues.

An edition of *Mrs.* Southworth's novel, "The Family Doom," has just been issued by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, at twenty-five cents a copy, retail.

The admirers of the "Duchess" will not be disappointed in her new novel, "The Honorable Mrs. Vereker." It is excellent all through. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Cassell & Co., New York, have issued in their popular "Sunshine" series of choice fiction a novel by Margaret Russell Mactarlane, author of that beautiful story, "The Magic of a Voice," entitled, "Odds Against Her." It makes the best of summer reading.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The July number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* gives us as a frontispiece a finely engraved picture of Dr. Samuel Johnson, from the portrait in the National Gallery by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The number opens with a generous instalment of Prof. Pinto's powerful serial novel, "The Meditation of Ralph Hardelot," followed by the second part of C. F. Gordon Cumming's profusely illustrated article about "Pagodas, Aurioles and Umbrellas." "A Hampshire Hamlet" is a charming bit of rural sketching beautifully illustrated. "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways" this month gives more about "The York Road," with a profusion of illustrations by Herbert Ratton and Hugh Thomson. Macmillan & Co., New York.

A portrait of Helen Keller, the wonderful little deaf and dumb blind girl of Alabama, forms the frontispiece of the July *Wide Awake*, and Sallie Joy White, in an illustrated article, gives interesting details about the marvelous child. Another delightful piece of Biography is the Monroe chapter in "The Children of the White House." Susan Coolidge has a fine old-world story, "Etelka's Choice." John Burroughs, in "How to Observe Nature," tells some of his charming secrets. Geraldine Butts has a beautiful illustrated, four-page ballad, "The Little Princess." Edward Everett Hale in "The Story of Boston Common" gives an account of "The Artillery Elections" when he was a boy. There is a capital coin collector's story, "The Red, Red Copper." Mrs. Humphrey tells "How to Keep Mosquitoes Away." Oscar Fay Adams writes the biography of the great French fairy story-teller and politician, Laboulaye. Mrs. Leonowens, describes "The T'song T'sing T'sue." There are many other good things in poetry and prose in this number. D. Lothrop Co., publishers, Boston.

CHURCH MUSIC.—Music, as a part of public worship, is either performed by a choir distinct from the congregation or by the congregation itself, or by both alternately. The former was the practice in the Jewish Temple, where originated the antiphonal chant—a method of singing then, as now, which required two choirs, each in itself complete, and separate from the congregation. The Rabbi stood in the situation now occupied by the Precentor in Episcopal cathedrals. "And David was clothed in fine linen, and all the Levites that bore the ark, and the singers, and Chenaniah, the master of the song, with the singers." The two parts of each verse were sung by the opposite choirs or by the Precentor—Rabbi—and the choir; the whole assembly at the end of the Psalm, at least with Hallelujah! Amen, often replacing the choir.

To the Psalmody, towards the close of the sixth century, about 590, Gregory the Great adapted the eight tones of the Greek music—an improvement upon the Jewish method. Ambrose in the Western Church at Milan, had compiled his "Hymns, or Metrical Songs," about A. D. 380. Some of these Ambrosian hymns, together with their original tunes, were still preserved up to the time of Charlemagne.

The original tunes to the Ambrosian hymns were all composed by the simplest natural rules, and they were sung by the whole congregation. Under these circumstances there was for a time choir and congregational singing: the hymns were congregational, while choir music was the old Hebrew element of Psalmody in its proper sense. But even here the Christian impulse led to giving a part to the congregation. In the "Te Deum Laudamus" ("We Praise Thee, O Lord") the whole congregation sang the response.

In Augustine's time choirs were formed and endowed in cathedrals; provision was made for their instruction, and priests were taught to sing. Pope Gregory founded and endowed a school at Rome, in which children were instructed in reading, singing, and good morals, who were to perform the musical part of the service in public. In later times, as at the present day, the musical part of church services is made up of modifications of these systems, the method varying according to the tastes of the particular denomination.

W. G. LEWIS.

"THIS is a tough, tough world, Charley," he sighed, as he gazed at a letter in his hand. "What's the trouble now?" asked Charley. "You know that pretty little thing in pink I've spent so much time and money on?" "Yes." "She refused me point blank last night, and now the old man sends me a bill for a broken gate."

STARCH grows sticky—common powders have a vulgar glare. Pozzoni's is the only Complexion Powder fit for use.

THE LARGER CATS.

THERE is an Oriental proverb, "He who has seen a tiger has seen a cat."

What, then, is the good of going to the Zoological Garden to look at the tigers, if the animal can be seen without any exertion in our kitchen or in our gardens?

But the proverb, as usual, needs a little qualification.

The person who has seen the tiger will be able to note the points in which the cat resembles it. But those who have only seen a cat will have a very imperfect idea of a tiger.

On the other hand there are some Indian sportsmen who have become so familiar with tigers that, without any contemptuous intention, they write of them as "the big cats."

There is a very great difference between tigers in a state of captivity and tigers in their wild state.

If any one wishes to study the big cats in captivity, let him go and inspect the animals in the Zoological gardens. But he will find that they do not look happy; and their coats are not smooth and glossy.

It is also very difficult to feed a tiger when it is in confinement. A daily ration of horseflesh is a bad substitute for the food with which the animal would provide itself in its natural state; but the public insists on seeing the tigers fed daily, and probably horse-flesh is given because it is economical.

There is a certain brief excitement when the hungry animal sees its food being brought towards it; and the public appear to be gratified at watching the tiger seize upon the gory bones, and growl over them; but the big cat soon satisfies its appetite, and lies down heavily to sleep.

It was my good fortune to see more of tame tigers in India than falls to the lot of most persons. My friend, the late Rajah of Burdwan, had a very good menagerie in the gardens of one of his summer palaces, and we used frequently to meet there and go around and inspect the animals.

The Rajah had little difficulty in securing tigers, leopards, and bears, which are to be found in many parts of his extensive estates. But the best of his tigers were the two which had been procured from the Province of Oude.

One of these was called Vizeer, and the other had received the name of Bheem, because the natives said he was a Hindoo, and would eat no beef.

So Bheem lived chiefly on goats' flesh, as Vizeer had no scruples as to what he ate.

The real difference between them was this: Vizeer was caught when he was full-grown, and had for a long time been obliged to hunt for, and kill, whatever he wanted to eat.

Bheem was captured when very young, and had been brought up by hand, on a milk and rice diet, which had been changed to cooked goats' flesh when he grew up.

Bheem had never tasted blood or taken life. He was accustomed to be petted and patted by the keepers, and was in fact, a beautiful big cat.

Vizeer was a very different character. He was a very large and handsome animal. It was the custom to give him a pig or a goat to kill, as it is almost essential to the health of a tiger, which has fed on wild animals of his own killing, that he should sometimes taste fresh blood, and eat some of the flesh with hair on it.

Vizeer used to be shut up in the inner compartment of his den, whilst the pig was let down through a grating in the roof into the outer compartment. Before the pig had time to understand the situation, the door of the inner den opened, and Vizeer sprang out.

With his fore-paws he seized the pig, and the next moment his huge jaws closed over its neck, so that death was instantaneous. Vizeer never relaxed his hold until he had drained the blood from his victim's body.

He would sometimes at once proceed to eat a hind leg, carving the ham with his sharp teeth and bristly tongue, as neatly as a cook could have cut it with a knife.

Vizeer would then compose himself to sleep, and in the course of the following night he would gradually consume the rest of the carcase; after which he would not care to be fed again for two or three days.

The other tiger named Bheem, appeared to have no intuitive notion how to kill his prey.

A rather large village pig, about six months old, was once put into his den by the command of the Rajah, and he did not know what to do with it, Bheem patted it on the back with his paw, and seemed inclined to have a game of play with it.

Naturally the pig did not reciprocate the idea of a game of play with the tiger, and resented Bheem's advances. The keeper then interposed and removed the pig, which was happily none the worse for his adventure and was not aware of the marvellous escape it had from the tiger.

There's another tiger in the Rajah's collection which had a peculiar character. It had been caught in a trap when full-brown, and may possibly have killed human beings, as well as deer or cattle, before it was captured.

It had no fear of the black faces of the natives, but the moment it saw the white face of a Caucasian, it fled into its inner den, and could not be induced to come out till the white face had disappeared.

It is difficult to account for this animal's aversion to a white face; but perhaps in the family traditions of its race it is handed down that the white man is the tiger's natural enemy, whilst the black man is his natural food.

It is not often that tigers breed when in captivity, at least in European or American countries; and the few cubs which have been born alive have generally died of some congenital malformation of the palate.

A pair of man-eaters in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens have had three sets of cubs. On the first occasion there were three cubs, and on the second and third occasions there were two. The cubs all grew up, and one of them was presented to the London Zoo, and lived there till last year, when it succumbed to the climate.

It is hardly necessary to say that the young cubs were as pretty and playful as kittens, and when the mother was to be seen playing with her cubs, it seemed hardly credible that this could be the ruthless monster which had so often killed human beings.

Of course *paterfamilias* was kept apart or he would probably have eaten his children; but he could see them through the bars of his den, and evidently took much interest in them.

It soon became necessary to wean the cubs, because they would persist in eating bits of the hard raw meat which was intended for their mother, and this food disagreed with them.

A tigress in its wild state is in the habit of catching birds and rabbits, and small deer, for its young cubs; and unless chickens and kids' flesh were provided for the young animals at the Zoo, they at once fell off in health.

Some of the cubs grew up quite gentle and good tempered, whilst others were morose and savage. The parent tigers never showed any inclination to be friendly. They had learnt to kill men, and would doubtless have done it again.

The male tiger was, nevertheless, in some respects a coward. He could not bear the sight of a small elephant, which was kept in the gardens for children to ride on; and whenever the elephant came near his den, he fled and hid himself in the inner apartment.

The female, on the other hand, took no notice of the elephant; whilst a Persian lioness, in an adjoining den, used to show great excitement, and every wish to attack the elephant.

It would be very difficult to explain the conduct of these three animals, especially as, so far as known, none of them in a wild state had ever seen an elephant. C. T. B.

THE GREATEST EATER.—He is said to have been a Frenchman and a soldier named Tarare. This man was born near Lyons and came up to Paris, where his first exploit was to eat a basket of apples at a friend's expense. On various occasions he swallowed a series of corks and other indigestible materials, which produced such violent colic that he was obliged to attend the Hotel Dieu, and while being examined almost managed to swallow the watch chain and seals of the surgeon in attendance.

On the occasion of one of these attacks of colic it was tried to frighten him out of his gross habits by declaring that it would be necessary to open his stomach, and the doctor proceeded to arrange his instruments accordingly. Tarare, however, found an opportunity to run away, and relieved himself by taking copious draughts of warm water.

Soon after he found that his appetite had really increased to an excessive degree, probably owing to the irritation produced by these absurd tricks. At 17 years of age, when only weighing 100 pounds, he could eat twenty four pounds of beef in as many hours. He now entered the army, and, being recognised by a surgeon of the Hussars, was detained by him for the sake of curiosity.

From the day of his admission he was ordered quadruple rations, with pickings and waste meat, but often slipped into the dispensary and laid hands on anything eatable. One day he was observed to seize a large cat, and, after sucking its blood, left, in a very short time, only cleanly picked bones, the hair being rejected in the course of half an hour, like that of other carnivora.

He was fond of serpents and eels, swallowing them whole. On another occasion he consumed in a few minutes a repast spread for fifteen German work-people, of milk, etc., after which he was blown out like a balloon.

In the presence of some officers he swallowed at one sitting thirty pounds of liver and lights. His insatiable appetite was for once in his life made useful by his being selected to carry a correspondence which was inserted in a box and swallowed, but he was caught and soundly thrashed.

On one occasion he fell under suspicion of having eaten a child 14 months old. It is affirmed that he was of mild and gentle manners and aspect. After death his stomach was found in a very diseased condition.

TRUTH AND POLITENESS.—It is not declaring a conviction that hurts the feelings or wounds the pride of those who are unwilling to share it; it is the tone of superiority and dogmatism that is so often assumed, the lack of sympathy, appreciation and respect that is conveyed, the ill-concealed contempt felt for those who think differently. Truth demands none of all this. Expressed at proper seasons firmly and clearly, yet modestly and kindly, its claims are fulfilled, while none of the claims of politeness need be infringed.

MAN believes himself always greater than he is, and esteemed less than he is worth.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A Cure for All Summer Complaints.

A halfteaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For Cholera and severe cases of the foregoing Complaints see our printed directions.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT THAT EVERY FAMILY KEEP A SUPPLY OF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

Where epidemic diseases prevail, such as Fevers, Dysentery, Scarlet Fever, and other malignant diseases RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will, if taken as directed, protect the system against attacks, and if seized with sickness quickly cure the patient.

A FAMILY NECESSITY.

SANTA FE, KAS., Aug. 25, '87.

DR. RADWAY & CO.:

Your valuable medicines are a necessity in our family, we entirely rely on the Ready Relief and Pills for what they are recommended, and they never fail to give satisfaction.

MRS. GEORGE LOHMILLER.

Malaria In All Its Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

Radway's Ready Relief

Not only cures the patient seized with malaria, but if people exposed to it in chills and fever districts will every morning on getting out of bed take twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water and drink it, and eat, say a cracker, they will escape attacks.

PRACTICING WITH R. R. R.

MONTAGUE, TEXAS.

Dr. Radway & Co.: I have been using your medicines for the last twenty years, and in all cases of Chills and Fever I have never failed to cure. I never use anything but your READY RELIEF and PILLS.

THOS. J. JONES.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Swelling of the Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain of difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

It was the first and is THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs by one application.

Price fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient. Act Without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in Operation.

A Vegetable Substitute for Calomel.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

What a Physician Says of Radway's Pills.

I am selling your R. R. Relief and your Regulating Pills, and have recommended them above all pills and sell a great many of them, and have them on hand always, and use them in my practice and in my own family, and expect to, in preference of all Pills. Yours respectfully,

DR. A. C. MIDDLEBROOK, Doraville, Ga.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

RADWAY'S PILLS AND DYSPEPSIA.

NEWPORT, Ky., Feb. 27, 1887.—Messrs. DR. RADWAY & CO.—Gents: I have been troubled with Dyspepsia for about four months. I tried two different doctors without any permanent benefit; I saw your Ad., and two weeks ago bought a box of your Regulators and feel a great deal better. Enclosed find stamp, please send me your book False and True. Your Pills have done me more good than all the Doctor's Medicine that I have taken, etc. I am, yours respectfully, ROBERT A. PAGE.

Dyspepsia of Long Standing Cured.

DR. RADWAY: I have for many years been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and found but little relief until I got your Pills and Resolvent, and they made a perfect cure. They are the best medicine I ever had in my life. Your friend forever. WILLIAM NOONAN.

BLANCHARD, MICH.

Sold by Druggists. Price, 25 cents per box. Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 32 Warren, corner Church sts., New York, Information worth thousands will be sent you.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

I MUST REPEL.

Why crimsons up my features fair,
My heart its passions all reveal,
My eyes my restlessness declare,
My bosom heaves, as if in there
My longing breathed—why should I dare
To let thy power o'er me steal?

Why should my pulses quickly start
Upon the mention of your name?
Why should thy glances cause my heart
With love's devouring fires to smart;
Why is it Cupid's little dart
Can in my breast start love's sweet flame?

But no! Thy love I must repel,
Thy presence banish from my life,
With love no more my heart shall swell;
Sweet mem'ries never more can dwell
Within my heart, for I know well
That you already have a wife.

—B. K. N.

Well watched—A jeweler's window.

A bad scrape—An amateur's violin solo.

Good suits for baldheaded men—Mohair.

Weather in a beer saloon is generally mug-gy.

A matter of great interest — Five per cent a month.

In Boston the horse-fiddle is called the "equine violin."

If the eyes are the windows of the soul, it is fair to assume that the lids are the shutters.

"How it all comes back to me!" dramatically exclaims the poet, opening a thick parcel of rejected verse.

Young Sappy: "I was knocked senseless by a polo ball two years ago." Old Sappy: "How long before you expect to recover?"

"Mother is always telling me not to bolt my food," said a small boy. "and now she has gone and bolted up the cupboard that has got all the victuals."

Young Sampson, who thinks he can play the cornet, is serenading his girl, when the old gentleman interrupts him with: "Here, you! We don't want fish at this hour of the night!"

Minister, dining with the family: "This is a very nice dinner, isn't it, Bobby?" Bobby, enjoying it: "It ought to be. Pa figured it out that it was going to cost him over eight dollars."

Glad summer is here with its usual romances, its conventions and beer, its socials and dances; the roses smell sweet and the groceries cheesy; the ladies look neat and the butter spreads easy.

A.: "How do you like your landlady?" B.: "She is a very clever woman, but she has too much curiosity." "In what direction?" "She is always asking me when I am going to pay my board bill."

A colored preacher in Alabama put his foot on alleged bribery at elections and crushed it. "Dis time," he said, "ob gettin' one hundred dollars for a vote is all wrong; ten dollars is as much as it's worf."

Sympathetic old lady, to convict: "Ah, my unfortunate friend, your fate is indeed a hard one, and as she thinks of you here in this dreadful place, how your poor wife must suffer!" Convict, very much affected: "Wh—which one, mum? I'm up for bigamy."

"I was getting measured for a suit of clothes this morning," said young Mr. Stary to his pretty cousin. "and just for a joke, y'know, I asked Snipem if it really took nine tailors to make a man. He said it would take more than nine tailors to make a man of some people. I thought it was quite clevah."

Colonel Fizzletop was under the painful necessity of administering a severe castigation to his son Johnny. After he had completed his labors, he said sternly to the suffering victim: "Now tell me why I punished you?" "That's it," sobbed Johnny; "you nearly pound the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."

An editor, who does not mind a joke at his own expense, says he went into a drug store recently and asked for some morphine. The assistant objected to give it without a prescription. "Why," asked the editor, "do I look like a man who would kill himself?" "I don't know," said the assistant; "if I looked like you I should be tempted."

"Oh, papa, I was caged once," said a little girl. "When I was visiting auntie in the country last summer I went into some bushes, and after a while I found I was caught. The bushes were so thick that I could not get out?" "Well, how did you finally get out?" "Oh," she replied, with a toss of her curly head, "I had a little hatchet and I hatched myself out."

Little Johnny was taken in to see his new baby brother. After a good look at him he asked: "Did baby come from Heaven, mamma?" "Yes, Johnny; God sent the little dear to us." "Well," said Master Johnny, after another inspection of the round bald head, "I wonder what kind of a barber they've got up there. He's given him a pretty close cut, I think."

On Jennie's sixth birthday her mother gave her a charming little parasol, of which she was very proud, and she guarded it day and night. When the family teased her about it she said she would never relinquish it to anybody. "But on the day of your marriage," said one, "what will you do with it then?" "On that day," replied Jennie, "I will let my children take care of it."

They were young lovers, and as they strolled through the Park the future looked very bright and pleasant to them. "That is a dog-wood tree, my love," he said, touching it lightly with his stick. "How do you know that it is a dog-wood tree, George, dear?" "I can tell by its bark, my darling!" And then a policeman ordered them off the grass, and they were very, very happy.

A HAPPY LAND.—In Honduras, in Central America, there is no parvenu element. There is no nouveau riche class to push, pry, or otherwise manœuvre to "get into society." There are only those who are socially qualified, and the poor—the peasantry, so to speak, who are happy enough in their own way. There is no great wealth in the country, and in consequence no superb establishments are kept up. The best people live quite simply, though servants are kept to as great an extent as in our own country, if not to a greater. No matter how many children may be in a family, each must have its own nurse or governess.

But, on the whole, peace and comfort appear to be more sought after than pomp and show. There is little thought of striving for social supremacy. The Honduras girls are too well-bred to display envy or jealousy, even though they—being but human—may at times feel the pangs of either. They are all fond enough of Paris dresses, but if one of them has an especially sweet thing imported, her dear six hundred friends are not going to turn green with despair.

They are far more likely to admire it in a well-bred way, smile tenderly, consider carefully, and presently interest papa to do his part towards ordering something sweeter for themselves. The custom of chaperons exists of course, but less rigorously than in England. It is hardly necessary for mamma, or mamma's representative, to "stare" upon the young men when the girls are so self-protected. Indeed at a recent ball at the palace there were a young couple quite by themselves all through supper. They were not as yet betrothed, but the love-making was a most interesting and tender little comedy for one watching it out of the corner of his eye, so to speak. The Hondurasians—even those foremost in society—are essentially an innocent-minded people.

There are no scandals. The greatest horror was felt and expressed concerning an incident of a few months since, when some one, who had looked too often on the wine when it was red, created a slight disturbance at the theatre, and was summarily ejected. He was a stranger, however.

THE PEONY.—A bright and showy ornament to most gardens is the peony, a plant which derives its name from a celebrated physician, Paeon, who is said to have cured the wounds which the gods derived during the Trojan war by its aid. A further tradition informs us that Paeon, who was a pupil of Æsculapius, first obtained the peony on Mount Olympus from the hands of Apollo, with which he cured Pluto of a wound he received from Hercules. This cure, however, created so much jealousy in Æsculapius, that he secretly caused the death of Paeon; but Pluto, mindful of his services, changed him into this flower. It was necessary that certain ceremonies should be performed before it was employed as a medicine.

Thus on no account was the root of a peony to be tasted if a wood-pecker were in sight, for in this case the patient would be inevitably stricken with blindness. It was necessary, too, that the plant should be gathered at a certain hour of the night, and when the moon was in a certain phase. Another of its magical properties consisted in its shining in the night. As might be expected, a most extensive folk-lore is associated with this plant, and it is still customary to put round the necks of children necklaces made of beads turned from the roots to keep them from convulsions, and to assist them in teething.

A PHYSICIAN who lost his pet dog put a little notice in the paper, headed "warning!" which charitably described the animal as having "strayed." "It is of no value, not even to the owner; but, having been experimented upon for scientific purposes with many virulent poisons, a lick from its tongue—and it is very affectionate—would probably be fatal." That dog came back the next day.

"WHAT do you want?" exclaimed the woman of the house, angrily, as she faced the tramp at the kitchen door. "Breakfast or work?" "Both, ma'am," said the hungry wayfarer, timidly. "Eat that," said the woman, sternly, placing a biscuit and a piece of steak before him, "and you will have both." The cheery meal of incense-breathing morn had been prepared by her daughter, who was teaching a cooking school in the city.

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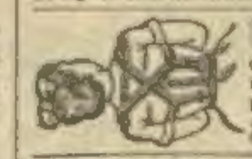

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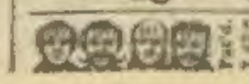

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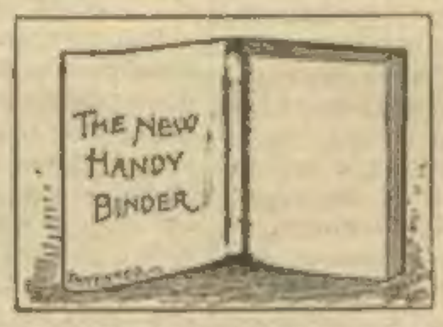

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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Latest Fashion Phases.

Braiding gowns and jackets for summer wear appears to be the popular work of the day for amateur hands. Untarnishable gold or fancy tinsel braid, on white cloth for inserting into light grey, dark green, navy blue and tan color dresses are the chief industries.

A departure from the usual style of braiding is to have an open pattern traced on to one colored material, braiding it with a contrasting color, then cutting away a good deal of the material, so that the braiding stands out in relief, and finally mounting it over another color.

This is done for panels, waistcoats, and also deep borderings for underskirts, when the tunic is raised here and there; to show the braiding; white cloth, with gold braid, mounted over yellow, has a particularly good effect. This style of openwork braiding can be had at some of the principal stores already for arranging on a gown.

Braided panels, cuffs and collar on colored cashmere, in one piece can also be had; and also beautiful Eastern embroidery in raised gold, on thin material for arranging on full dress, day, and evening gowns.

Many women are familiar with embroideries from Cairo and its vicinity, which people have brought home much of late, and these, if they can possibly be adapted, are now used as waistcoats and trimming, the small pieces manipulated for the crowns or sides of bonnets.

Another style of trimming is of open worked white or colored cloth, with spangles on it, for laying on to materials.

A specialty this season are large picturesque hats, many of them copied from old pictures, in a wide, coarse straw, becoming to most faces. Soft shaded ostrich feathers are used to trim them, and also ruches of rather black narrow lace.

These hats are turned up in several ways, and also trimmed in various styles and colors. Black will be, however, the most popular, as it is the most generally becoming, and can be worn with all colors.

To those who prefer the smaller shapes, there is one with the sides much turned up, and also an undulating round shape, with the back turned up against the crown.

These can be had in many colored straws, one of the prettiest being ruby, with wide ruby velvet loops, lined and turned back with white silk, a white quill feather shot through in front, and a graceful little spray of white hops falling towards one side.

This is a style of hat for present smart wear; but later on lighter materials will be used, especially in three colors, namely, [illegible] (long popular grey), reseda, and a new shade of apple-green of rather dark tendency.

A novel style will be a sailor shape in straw, with a quaintly drawn crown of silk and a bird perched at the top. A brown straw with a red crown, and a brown bird on it, looked well. As a rule, the color of the straw brim and the silk crown will match. For tennis wear these hats will have flannel crowns, with a rosette composed of "pinked" flannel.

A stringless hat-bonnet, suitable for quite young faces, is of coarse straw, turned up high in a point in the front, the space filled in with quillings of lace, and a cluster of flowers, which is continued up outside the point, to the top of the crown.

A pretty black one had a boquet of deep red damask rosebuds nestling among the lace in the point, with another placed above, but towards one side, and surmounted by a spray of mauve heath and a few cowslips. These mixed flower clusters are one of the novelties of the season.

In bonnets, they are making a special feature of lace ones, especially in black, with a mixture of gold and jet trimming.

The lace on these bonnets is narrow, and gathered round and round, somewhat in the shape of two large oyster shells, up each side with a piece of colored silk or black lace drawn up high to the front, from between them; a cluster of flowers is placed smartly in front.

The edge of the bonnet is hidden by a full ruche of pleated lace. Other bonnets have the flowers placed over the crown, coming from the back.

Fine crinoline bonnets, lined with color, and also gathered crape bonnets, in white and all delicate colors, especially in biscuit, will be fashionable trimmed with a band of gold or silver embroidery, placed round the front and up the back in a point.

Where the point culminates, the stalks of the flower bouquet will be placed. The strings of all bonnets are wider than they were, and a little longer.

Foulards are more in demand. One in blue and white had the entire sides arranged in perpendicular tucks, which, allowed to fall loose at the edge, formed a bouillonne round the feet, the rest softly draped in long pieces, for nothing but long draperies are to be seen.

A dress of this description would fill most of the requirements of the season.

Colored embroidery on net, the color exactly matching the foulard, is introduced on sides and fronts of the long draperies, as in the case of a brown and white stripe; it makes it dressy looking, and gives firmness.

Quite original was a red woolen gown trimmed with black and gold galon made as a coat with wide revers at the neck. There was a large and full pleat at the back, but the front was caught up below the waist in a rounded puff like gowns worn by mediæval German frauu. The coat had a revers, and the gold trimming bordered the edge of the petticoat.

Red is fashionable on all occasions, and for immediate wear a pretty gray and red striped woolen is well suited; it is striped horizontally, the plain material draped over it, but in such a way that the stripes showed at the waist.

A dress that could be worn for dinner or full dress morning wear was a black satin with panels of the black satin on which a Pompadour spray of roses was thrown.

The satin was cut out at the edge in battlements and bordered with beads, draped back and front with lace, the colored brocade showing at the side.

Another lace-trimmed gown was draped with red and white stripes, apparently over a lace petticoat, large V-shaped frills of the lace bordering the hem at intervals.

Gray is worn in and out of morning, especially trimmed with black lace.

Lace continues much in favor, and some pretty batiste gowns are liberally trimmed with it.

Cotton and wool rival silk for the best of gowns. A woolen of a blotting-paper tone, now so fashionable, is embroidered all over in small sprigs of the same, and worn over a shot silk petticoat. It is particularly elegant; the shot silk was introduced into the bodice and in a V-shaped piece on the sleeve.

Reseda and Egyptian-red is one of the attractive mixtures which finds much favor; the panels of the silk are fastened down at the side with large buttons.

Pretty teagowns are being made of popelinette. One, of a tender primrose, with printed flowers, was worn over blue crepe de Chine, with much lace in the way of trimming; the bodice was of the Incroyable jacket shape.

Another teagown is in quite another style, the material black striped moire, with a red crepe de Chine vest, forming a large soft bow on the chest; the collar was wide, and made of black lace, descending almost to the shoulders; the cuffs and revers were trimmed to match, the skirt long and flowing.

Black and white are much worn for dinner gowns, and a good example was a black and white striped brocade, the front all cream lace and heavy pearl embroidery; the bodice also all pearled.

The backs of all gowns seem to fall in graceful straight folds, caught up at the waist in a sort of butterfly bow; the sides and fronts show the variations of style. Fichus of soft lace are tied gracefully over some of the bodices, and large and bold patterns in Venetian brocade are well worn.

Odds and Ends.

SOME EXCELLENT RECIPES.

Palestine Soup.—Boil 2lb. of Jerusalem artichokes in salted water, and when quite done pass them through a hair sieve. Take a quart of milk, boil in it a handful of whole pepper, a piece of mace, half a dozen cloves, and an onion or two shallots. When the milk is well flavored, strain it; then melt a piece of butter the size of an egg, stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, then gradually the flavored milk and the artichoke pulp. Boil it up, mix well, and lastly stir in a gill of cream, adding more milk if the soup be too thick. Serve with small dice of bread fried in butter.

Barley Soup.—Boil half a pint of pearl barley in a quart of white stock until it is reduced to a pulp, pass it through a hair sieve, and add to it as much well-flavored white stock as will give you a puree of the consistency of cream. Put the soup on the fire, when it boils, stir into it, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with a gill of cream; add half a pat of fresh butter, and serve with small dice of bread fried in butter.

Instead of bread dice put in some young peas boiled in salted water, and well drained.

White Soup.—Take two quarts of good white stock, put it into a saucepan with ½lb. of lean veal, a slice or two of ham, two whole onions, a carrot, a head of celery, mace, and a bunch of herbs. Boil gently for an hour and strain. Pound up the white flesh of a cold fowl, with 1oz. of sweet almonds, blanched, and one slice of crumb of bread—previously soaked in boiling milk. When quite smooth, add this to the soup, and pass it through a hair sieve. Mix the beaten up yolks of four eggs with three-quarters of a pint of cream and a dessert spoonful of arrowroot; add it to the soup and stir it over the fire till quite hot, but do not let it boil. Add salt, pepper, and a little pounded sugar.

Remove the flesh from the remnants of a couple of roast or boiled fowls, taking care to exclude all the skin; add half the quantity of bread crumbs soaked in stock free from grease, and pound thoroughly in a mortar; season with pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg. Pass through a hair sieve. Add as much stock as you want soup, warm it without letting it boil, and stir into it off the fire a couple of yolks of eggs strained and beaten up with half a cup of cream. serve with dice of bread fried in butter, or with peas, or carrots cut in the shape of peas, both previously boiled.

Soubise Sauce.—1. Boil some onions in milk, with pepper, salt, and nutmeg. When quite done, pass them through a sieve; put some butter and flour into a saucepan; when the butter is melted and well mixed with the flour, put in the pulp of the onions, and add either milk or cream, stirring the sauce on the fire until it is of the desired consistency.

2. Parboil some onions a few minutes, mince them roughly, and put them in a sauce pan with plenty of butter, a pinch of sugar, and pepper and salt to taste; let them cook slowly, so that they do not take color, add a tablespoonful of flour, and stir well. When they are quite tender, pass them through a sieve. Dilute the onion pulp with sufficient milk to make it into a sauce; make it hot, and serve.

3. Put into a saucepan some parboiled onions, butter, sugar, pepper, and salt as above; add a tablespoonful or two of rice (previously boiled in water for ten minutes), let the whole cook slowly, and when the onions are quite tender add a teaspoonful of grated Parmesan cheese; stir the mixture, and pass it through a sieve. Add as much milk or cream as may be necessary, warm the sauce, and serve.

Ginger Cookies.—Two cups of molasses, one of melted lard, one of boiling water, three teaspoonfuls of ginger with flour to make stiff dough. Roll thin.

Ginger Snaps.—One pint of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of lard, one of ginger: let boil. Cool and add one teaspoon of soda and flour to make stiff. Roll very thin.

Farmer's Ginger Snaps.—Three tablespoonfuls of melted lard, three of boiling water, one teaspoonful each of salt, soda and ginger, put in a pint cup and fill up with molasses, stir in flour to make tough, roll and bake quickly. These cakes will keep weeks and improve with age.

Mother's Ginger Snaps.—Half a gallon of molasses, one pound of sugar, one pint of melted lard, one tablespoonful each of extract of ginger, cinnamon and cloves, two teaspoonfuls of soda; flour to make stiff. Roll thin and bake quickly.

Coffee Cake.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup strong coffee, three eggs, half cup molasses, one cup water, one cup each raisins and currants, one teaspoon cloves, two teaspoons cinnamon, one of allspice, two teaspoons baking powder, and flour to make a stiff batter. Bake two hours.

Tapioca Fruit Pudding.—One-half cupful of tapioca soaked over night in one quart of cold water. In the morning cover the bottom of a baking dish with any kind of fruit, either canned or fresh, sweeten the tapioca with one-half cupful of sugar, add a little salt and nutmeg, pour over the fruit and bake one hour. Serve with sauce.

He had his hat off and was walking along the street in a wilted condition, when a pedestrian halted him, extended his hand and asked: "Have I made a mistake?" "How?" "Are you doing this to advertise a hair restorative, or because of the heat?" "The "The of course." "Then shake again. I've always contended that it took more nerve for a bald-headed man to uncover on the street than to face a loaded cannon. You are a hero, sir—a man of nerve. Shake again."

Model husband, boastfully: "Yes, gentlemen, I have been married ten years, and never spent a night away from home yet." Doubtful friend: "Large and interesting family—eh?" "Only three of us." "Have one child—eh?" "No; the other is my wife's mother."

Confidential Correspondents.

JENNIE W.—Wedding presents may be sent at any time before the wedding, after the engagement is announced.

MAESIE.—Heterophemy is the unconscious saying in speech, as in writing, of that which the speaker or writer does not intend to say.

RED STAR.—1. About 350 tons of coal per day are consumed by the large ocean steamships. 2. The number of boilers used range from four to ten.

M. P. L.—Your poems are very good for an amateur, but they are entirely too long for publication. Try something in length like those in THE POST.

R. T.—The difference between a wax candle and a rushlight is this—that whereas the wick of the candle is flaxen or cotton, that of the rushlight is made of dried peeled rushes.

STUFFER.—Any persons wishing to learn the mystery of the art of stuffing birds can do so by taking lessons from a taxidermist. It is not at all unusual for the members of this calling to give lessons.

RECKLESS.—It would be safe for the young man to keep up his attentions to the young lady in a manner which would be agreeable to her, and propose to her again as soon as she has had time to think the matter over.

PARCEL.—A bill of exchange is a written order addressed by one person to another, directing the latter to pay on account of the former to some third person, or his order, a certain sum of money at a time therein specified.

CLERK.—You can pursue the study of medicine at evening without giving up your clerkship. If your family has a physician, or if there is any doctor that you know, speak to him about the matter, and he will be able to give you valuable hints and information.

NANCY.—Gilt frames may be cleaned by simply washing them with a sponge dipped in either spirits of wine or oil of turpentine. Do not make the sponge too wet, but sufficiently damp to remove dirt and fly marks. The frames should be left to dry of themselves, not wiped with a duster.

ARBOOM.—All such superstitions are dying out, as they should do. The Scotch have an old saying:

"Marry in May,
Repent for aye."

Queen Mary made her luckless marriage with Bothwell in May, and the saying has sprung from the fact. May is a very pleasant month to be married in, and no more unlucky than any other of the twelve.

DOTTED.—The black specks on your skin are probably what is known as acne, a disease of the follicles of the skin most prevalent about the time of early manhood. With careful washing and avoidance of irritation especially with the fingers or the friction of linen towels, the disorder may be kept down a good deal. It will disappear with advancing age.

ESSAY.—According to Pliny, we are indebted for the invention of glass to some merchants who were traveling with nitre, and who stopped near a river called Belus, flowing from Mount Carmel. As they could find no stones to support their cooking-pot they made use of some pieces of nitre. The action of the fire mixing the nitre with the sand produced a transparent substance which was in fact glass.

MARGUERITE.—There are very many pretty things suitable for gifts at the fair. Pincushions can be made in various ways, heart-shaped, three-cornered, fan-shaped, or like a wheelbarrow. Wall-pockets, or pockets for feather-brushes, handkerchief or glove cases, etc., are all very acceptable. If small presents are required, needle-cases, court plaster-cases, banjos or guitars made in cardboard, covered with silk, and filled with sweets, pen-wipers, etc., are suitable.

ROSALEE.—You were to blame in making any remark about the gentleman which you did not wish repeated, but your friend was equally wrong in repeating it in the way you suggest. Can you not guess the cause of her laughter? which certainly seems very ill-mannered and misplaced. If the gentleman gives you the "cut direct," we do not see how you can approach him except through the intervention of some male friend, who might learn for you what was the reason for his strange behavior.

AUNTIE.—You are quite right regarding the thoughts which occur to many persons. The fact is that a great writer is the one who formulates the ideas of many people with felicity of phrase. If you consider the matter carefully, you will find that you enjoy most heartily a writer who causes you to say, "How strange! This is my own thought put into words." The great writer is like a bird-catcher who cages beautiful birds which you have seen flying. People say, "We saw that bird, and might have caught it. Here is a clever fellow who has secured something which all of us might have had if we had only been ready and quick enough."

LANG.—1. Pactolus was a river in Lydia, and Midas washed himself there when he had the power of turning all that he touched to gold. The myth says that the river ever afterwards rolled sands of gold; so your clever writer merely wanted to say that venal voters used to get a good deal of money at election times. That is what he meant by the "Pactolean stream." 2. Pythagoras was a Greek, or rather Samian, philosopher. He believed in the transmigration of souls into different bodies, and he used to say that he remembered having been the son of Mercury; he had assisted the Greeks in the Trojan war, he had been a common fisherman, and then he became Pythagoras.

W. A. K.—To relieve your canaries give a few drops of warm treacle in the drinking water, or a pinch of carbonate of magnesia. Improper feeding has much to do with bringing about the complaint you speak of. To prevent it, a little green food, such, such as groundsel, watercress, or lettuce, should be given occasionally, or a morsel of ripe fruit; the seed, too, must be clean, and of the right kind; at least three parts should be canary seed, the remainder being rape, mixed with a very little linseed or millet sometimes. The greatest care must be taken that the drinking water is changed daily, and the cage kept perfectly clean.